

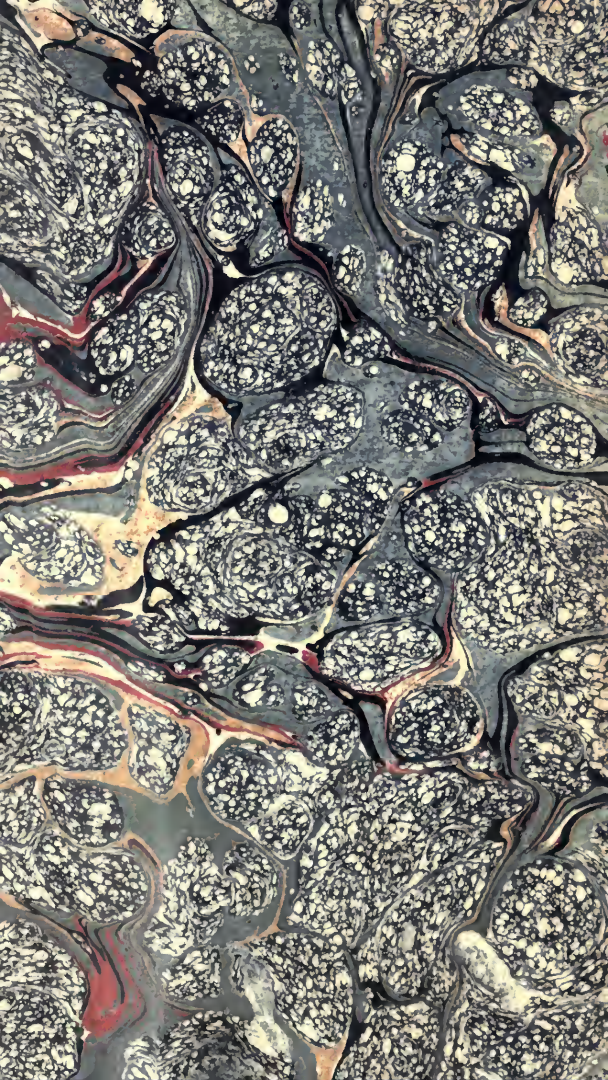
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Frontispiece.



Burney del.

Gray sculp.

In sorrow bending o'er that mould'ring turf:
Vide Judge, Canto 2

Printed by Lane & Hood, 14, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

THE
J U D G E;

OR,

AN ESTIMATE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE
JUDICIAL CHARACTER,

Occasioned by the Death of the Late

LORD CLARE,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

A Poem,

IN THREE CANTOS.

By the Rev. JEROME ALLEY,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Sheffield, &c.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Swan, Angel Street;
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1803.

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DEDICATION

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD SHEFFIELD,
&c.

MY LORD,

FROM the classical days of Horace and Virgil, to those of our own Dryden, it has frequently been the fate of dedications to excite contempt, or to be consigned to neglect. That which should have been consecrated to truth, has been devoted to meanness; and adulation has been lavished, till the page, which, otherwise, might have reflected honour on the patronised and

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DEDICATION.

the patron, has become but a monument of disgrace to the folly which accepted, and the flattery which tendered it.

But, fear not, my Lord. This address is not to be polluted by that language of interested praise, which, while it would disgust you, would disgrace myself. Servility, I am sufficiently aware, is a wretch, contemptible, and contemned, who voluntarily forges his own chains, and drudges at the oar for the recompence of shame. Instead, therefore, of toiling to delineate a fanciful picture of fancied virtue, I shall hope only to attach belief to the assertion, that the respect which I feel for a character of acknowledged talents and worth, and the gratitude with which I recollect obligation, enhanced by the kindness and liberality with which it was conferred, are not such as to permit me to inscribe the following pages

DEDICATION.

to any other name than that of Lord Sheffield.

Yet, my Lord, were I wishful to exhibit, in this place, the character of high respectability, I should have little occasion to resort to fancy. In days of outrageous and extending dissipation, I have beheld, associated in your house, the best and purest of the domestic virtues; in days of wandering weakness or profligacy, I have beheld, in your person, the country gentleman, exemplifying and diffusing the spirit of useful activity, and exercising influence but to multiply the comforts, promote the labours, and encourage the integrity, of the farmer and the peasant. Nor, if I wanted subjects of a more public nature, should I have long to seek them. They are before me: and the spirit which, at a period of common danger, could nobly shake off the incumbrances

DEDICATION.

of party, and, without personal connection with the minister, afford the aids of wisdom and activity to the administration:—the toil, and the talents, which have contributed so much, not merely to ascertain, but to protect and support the true commercial and maritime interests of the state:—the patience and prudence of investigation which, in opposition to individual and general prejudices, have exhibited the best, and, perhaps, the only “means of future plenty,” and thus laid open the true sources of national prosperity:—the discernment that has endeavoured, so long and so well, to remove the obstructions that retard the plough, to expose the dangers of relying on foreign soil for that food which we might easily and abundantly extract from our own, and to direct the attention of men to those invaluable stores which, at present, lie

DEDICATION.

uselessly buried in our forests and wastes, and which almost a triennial scarcity urges the Legislature to procure for the community—these, my Lord, are topics on which eulogy might expatiate, with little trouble and much gratification, and these are among the topics which your aims, exertions, and public-spirit supply.

To the motives, however, arising from such circumstances to induce this address, I might add one more, possibly of some weight. You, my Lord, knew and respected the late Lord Clare. I have persuaded myself, therefore, that, in detailing the virtues, and vindicating the character, of that illustrious man, I was but erecting an altar, however humble, to integrity and to truth, on the front of which you would not be displeased if you were to behold your name inscribed by that grateful and

DEDICATION.

affectionate respect, with which I have
the honour to be,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED

AND

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JEROME ALLEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I AM indebted for the title of the following poem to the taste and kindness of Mr. Pratt; and I could not, without injustice, withhold this public acknowledgment, because, as he himself has adopted a title somewhat similar for a new work, he might be accused, hereafter, if I were now silent, of having indolently borrowed from the stores of another, that which originally belonged but to his own.

The work to which I have here alluded, will speedily, I hope, be communicated to the public. It exhibits a poetic “analysis of the importance of the medical character;” and I do not hesitate to predict that it will be regarded as a fine and finished monument of sensibility and of taste.



PREFACE.

OF the English constitution, and of English law, it is not, now, necessary to assert the wisdom, or to demonstrate the utility. It would be worse than idle to expatiate on a subject, already occupied by the eloquence of Blackstone and De Lolme: and, if faction still continue to complain, and artifice to pervert, experience cannot want the means of confuting both; and of evincing, by facts and blessings, the excellence of those legal institutions which evil characters are so earnest in declamation to decry, and with malignity to revile.

If, however, the law and constitution of these happy countries no longer require to be minutely defended or detailed, let not the character be forgotten, that contributes most to diffuse the benefits into which they

issue. A Nelson and a Hutchinson may toil and triumph, and conduct a nation to glory. But the acquisition of glory is of little importance, compared with the maintenance of right; and the maintenance of right depends on the wisdom and firmness of legal administration. To “the Judge,” therefore, are Englishmen principally to look for freedom and happiness. He holds in his hands the palladium of our Troy; and if the city be to fall, it must be, in a great measure, by his guilt, or by his neglect.

Under these impressions, the following poem was undertaken and finished. I have not ventured, however, to pursue my subject through all its suggestions. What is the importance, and what should be the virtues and acquirements, of the Judicial Character, are the principal questions which I have presumed to propose and discuss; and, though I may be condemned for that feebleness of talent with which I have endeavoured to accomplish my design, it will, at least, be

admitted, that I have been cautious to infuse into my lines no poison of sarcasm, and no bitterness of personality.

Nor have I merely endeavoured, in this manner, to preserve the purity of my page. The spirit of accusation, which I have myself refused to exercise, I have been solicitous to repel, when exercised by others. I have not only respected character, but endeavoured to maintain it.

Of those who inherit, apparently but to degrade, humanity, the envious and the malignant are, perhaps, the most unhappy. To such as, under the influence of other passions, occasionally resist the admonitions of truth, those joys may not be utterly unknown which result from social and friendly intercourse; nor those virtues of kindness and good will which are connective, in their tendency, of man with man. But envy and malignity are voluntary aliens, not only from every virtue, but every joy. For, what principle, or what gratification, that

is not equally vile and worthless, can be consistent with eternal efforts to blast the name of the eminent, or to depreciate the motives of the good; or what can be the temper of those, but vicious and miserable, who, while they labour to stigmatize all, generally stigmatize but themselves; and who are destined so frequently to prove, that slander is pursued but to be overtaken by detection; and that to asperse, and to fail, is to add the remorse of guilt to the ignominy of defeat?

Yet, unhappily, though the folly of malevolence be obvious, and the punishment ample and sure, malevolence is not the less active to prepare the furnace for virtue. In private life, wherever there is merit, there is also a will found to assail and to depreciate; and, in public, the licence allowed to speech by the noble temper of the constitution, is hourly perverted to the purposes of slander. Character is maligned in direct proportion to its excellence: and station and office, no matter by what labours or virtues acquired,

never fail to expose their possessor to the detestation of evil minds, and the calumny of evil tongues.

The late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, with a perseverance not less honourable than zealous, devoted almost the whole of a laborious life to the service of the public; and, equally as a judge, a legislator, a minister of the crown, and a friend to the constitution, he was bold and active to sustain, at all personal risks, and against all opposition, the duties and interests which he was called to fulfil or to support. Yet the zeal thus issuing from his heart into his life, was to excite, in a peculiar degree, the obloquy of which I have here complained, and which, though despised and defied, was yet laborious and loud. The language of indignation, by which he nobly repressed the practitioner of chicanery, or the worthless pretender to public spirit, was naturally to be reproached as petulant, or as unjust, by those who felt, or those who feared it: and, however meritorious his conduct, whether he

maintained the cause of his sovereign and of the state against error and party; whether he terminated the career of litigation, or deterged the courts of law; or whether he toiled for the preservation of social order, at a period when all order and all society were menaced by the most dangerous and audacious foes; he was to be exhibited, not, indeed, by those who reflect, but those who rail, as a partizan, bigotted to a cause and to a sect; as an oppressor, who wielded power but to crush, and exercised talent but to betray.

Even death has not been able to shelter this illustrious man from the malevolence of the foe which his virtues scorned. Slander has dared to shed her poisons on his grave; and the arts of sarcasm and subtilty continue to be exercised, to calumniate the merits, and vilify the memory of the man, who, in his life, well knew how to protect himself, and whose name shall be long cherished by the grateful recollection of his country.

Happily, the censure of the malicious is the glory of the good; and Slander, in her efforts to depress, is often active but to exalt. Lord Clare, therefore, whose virtues had secured the attachment of the friends of the constitution, had little reason to deprecate the enmity of its foes; and, accompanied though he was to the earth, in which he now moulders, by respect and affection, as honourable as they were sincere; his character has scarcely derived higher distinction from that circumstance, than from the boasted pleasure with which faction has beheld his grave, or the clamorous virulence with which conspiracy has pursued his name.

That his language was, sometimes, tinged with severity, and sometimes, perhaps, heightened by exaggeration, truth is ready to admit. The ambitious and interested vehemence of partizans and of party, excited in him, at times, a momentary detestation or contempt, which his ardent spirit was little anxious to conceal or to repress. But the open statement of his persuasions

and views, obstructed and encumbered no public service. On the contrary, his voice, resounding over the realm, gave intrepidity to the loyal, and courage to the infirm. The crime, hurrying to perpetration, was repressed as he spoke. Faction heard him but to be intimidated, treason but to be appalled: and that eloquence which has been so much censured as vindictive and stern, as the mildew to blight, or the lightning to kill, was not only vindicated and eulogized by the vices and events which called it forth, but by the salutary and national consequences which it failed not to produce.

With this fearless and wholesome freedom did he proclaim his sentiments to the world; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that his temper and character should have been destined to endure the utmost malice of scrutiny. But the malice of scrutiny merits only the derision of virtue: the feeble dart will not bring down the eagle: he who has been praised by those whose praise is

honour, may cheerfully submit to the censure of those whose applause is degradation; and the name which has been asserted and vindicated by an Eldon and an Addington, can have nothing to fear from the misrepresentations of the ignorant, or the calumnies of the vile.

I, also, have wished to add my attestation, however humble, to that of those who have thus sustained the honours of the dead. The plan which I had formed, obviously permitted me to exemplify the virtues I was to describe; and if, in justifying the conduct of Lord Clare, I indulged in the pleasure which the writer seldom fails to enjoy, who devotes himself to the vindication of departed worth; I have, at the same time, been enabled to confirm my views of the importance of the judicial character, by exhibiting, in action and in effect, the talents and the integrity of the Judge.

How I have executed my design, the public are to determine. I neither deprecate

nor defy the severity of the critic. But if, as my apprehensions suggest, the tribute here offered by respect to virtue shall be decried as small; let it be recollected, at least, that I have done nothing to injure the interests of truth, and that motive may give value even to the oblation of a mite.

THE JUDGE.

ARGUMENT.

The subject opened. — Invocation to the spirit of Blackstone, and the Genius of England. — The power and glory of Britain. — Whence. — The just administration of equitable laws essential to the maintenance of national dignity, and national happiness. — The Judge. — His talents, and preparatory views of Græcian, Roman, and Feudal Law. — The danger of legal erudition associated with chicane and fraud. — A general exhibition of the judicial character. — The duty of Monarchs in the appointment of Judges. — Address to the King. — The Canto closed.

THE JUDGE.

CANTO I.

No more, ye smiling Loves, ye rustic Powers,
Fair though ye be, I load your humble shrine
With fruits and fragrance; nor, by willow'd bank
Of mazy stream, nor, mid the twilight shades
Of the moist grotto's ever-cool recess,
I woo ye, by such wildly-warbled strains
As simple Nature fancies. Other song,
Of nobler argument, occasion claims:
The hour of sport has clos'd; and he, erewhile,
Who idly trifled with the mirthful shell,
And hung with wilding blooms the Muse's bower,
Shall, now, to bolder tones awake the wire.

Spirit of him, that, in th' immortal page,
Treasur'd each gem of truth, by happiest toils

Won from the mines of law; and, from the mass
Of legal chaos drear, called order forth,
And beauty; and one lovely system fram'd,
Of scatter'd institutes, and dark decrees,
And rules, descending, in ambiguous phrase,
From days of ancient date (A)!—Or, rather, thou,
Wont in yon cloud of solar gold to sit,
Watching the fates of Britain, while thine eyes
With glory brighten'd, and thine arm sustain'd
The sceptre of command; but who, alas!
In sorrow bending o'er that mould'ring turf (B),
Now giv'st thy tresses to obtrusive winds,
Nor heed'st the ruffled vesture, in whose folds,
Inwrought by magic hands, the lion scowls!—
O, come! and in my mind each thought awake,
Various, or bold, as best high theme may suit;
And let me learn to syllable the praise
Thou deal'st, with smiles inwov'n, to him whose lips
Expound, proclaim, and vindicate, the laws.

Lo! mid the nations, gen'rous Britain claims
Pre-eminence of glory. If her soil
Be scant, she owns a bold and vig'rous race.
If she not find, within her procreant glebe,
The ingot and the gem, she boasts of more
Than Mexic suns e'er ripen'd into gold,
In arts, whose cunning from the wide world draws
Tribute to swell her pomp. Where'er she points
Her angry thunders, and her lightnings blaze,
War, palsied and dismay'd, his gory spear
Rejects, and many a trophy of renown,
Yet moist with human tears; and, as he kneels
Before her, trembling, round his iron brow,
Binds, with submissive awe, the wreaths of peace.
Yet, not in well-fought fields alone, she seeks
The meed of genuine fame. 'Tis hers, yet more,
To aid the injur'd, or the humbled spare;
Or, as high Honour bids, the sacred rights
Of anity maintain. Hence, nor the hosts

 Whence derived.

v. 54.

That crowd her tented plains, nor the proud might
 Her canvass'd bulwarks boast, so awe the realms,
 As her firm favour wins ; and, if the foe
 Shrink, fear-struck, from her frown, the humblest friend
 Finds, in her smile, security and peace !

But whence this majesty of power ; this fame,
 That spreads and brightens where the scorching beam
 Of Roman glory reach'd not ? Ah ! from whence,
 These congregated blessings, such, of old,
 As Greece herself, though counting in each son
 A God, and rich in wisdom and renown,
 Ne'er knew, perchance, nor fancy'd ?—The dread sword ;
 The laurel'd deed divine ; the gen'rous will ;
 The genius, science, art, that think and toil
 For public welfare ; these, 'tis true, adorn,
 Protect, distinguish, dignify, a realm !
 Yet, what are these, save beauteous forms, at best,
 Of fragile clay, if not inform'd with soul
 By common justice, and by equal laws ? —

Yes! to her laws, and to the ermin'd Worth
That gives them utt'rance, hardy Britain owes
Her best and brightest honours : and the voice
Which hails the hero, round her daring prow,
That twines the palm of conquest, or conducts
Her hosts to triumph o'er the fields of death ;
That voice is, also, heard, and heard in tones
More glad and sweet, what time the upright Judge
Proclaims the sentence of the upright law.

In right, in freedom, lives the glowing mind
That prompts to noblest deeds, and forms, and moves
The patriot, and the sage. But Freedom's self,
Dear friend of ev'ry truth and ev'ry worth,
There only dwells where faithful Law abides,
And Judgment, awful, dignified, and pure,
Propounds what Law inspires. Does Despot-Power
The golden seats of equity invade ?
Lo! Effort, frozen at the heart, expires ;
Lo! eaglet Hope, late soaring to the sun,

Expands her wing no more ; and free-born man
Is palsied into slave ! But, oh ! not thus
He falls, extinct of soul, when guardian Right
Hears and protects him, and the powers of Law
Are ministers of Justice. Reason, then,
Then Will and Worth aspire. Sad Fear no more
Points wildly to the tyrant frown, nor kills
The infant talent. All is man. The heart
With independence throbs. Illustrious deeds
Are done. The glow of patriot honour spreads ;
And virtue, genius, glory, grace the state !

Yet, let the Judge misdeem not of his power :
For if, as wanton Speculation wills,
He pour the awful sentence, countless ills
Shall spring around him, and each erring word,
As once the seed by wand'ring Cadmus strew'd (c),
Engender armed mischiefs. Oh ! 'tis his
To wield the angry lightnings, or dispense
Maturing dews abroad. The various Woes,

Offspring of Want and Anguish, crowding, wait
His potent bidding; and his fateful tongue
Sends forth or life or death. Still, therefore, still,
If aught he rev'rence or in earth or heaven,
Be wisdom his sole guide. Let him presume,
With no unsandell'd foot (D), no thought impure,
No fleshly will unholy, to approach
The fearful ground of judgment: and be heard,
Ere yet his lip shall utter, or his mind
Frame one decree, that sober voice of Truth,
Which tells him, he is but the priest of Law,
To pour the oracles by Law inspir'd!

Nor, ere the ermine grace his rev'rend form,
Has he no toils to brave. To the rude deep,
If he not trust, as Av'rice bids, his bark;
If he not woo the demon, Wealth, in mines
Breathing infection; nor the burning plains
Tread, with parch'd sole, where blue-ey'd Samiel wafts,
On his dark pinions, Pestilence and Death:

His intense application to obtain knowledge. v. 130.

He other labours shares, nor slight, nor few,
 Which often pale the cheek, and dim the eye,
 And give Distemper, in the vital stream,
 To blend her subtlest poisons. Many a tome,
 Within whose folds the soul of Science lives,
 His midnight search explores. From fairy scenes,
 Where sport the youthful Joys, and braid their locks,
 Locks lovelier than the beams that gild the morn,
 With odour-dropping blooms; he bends his step,
 Studious and patient, to the solemn cell,
 Where hoary Wisdom broods away the hours,
 O'er the long-labour'd page. What gives to Right
 His claims legitimate, and holy powers :
 How Rapine best is crush'd, and Weakness sav'd
 From head-long Will and Strength : how man is train'd
 From savage up to social, and inspir'd
 With sense of public duty, and the love
 Of all-protecting law : such are the themes
 Profound, that, while, in Pleasure's roseate bowers,

So many idly flaunt, engage his thought
In meditations, intricate and deep.
Hence, by the waning taper, by the beam
Of morning sun and ev'ning, he enquires
What or the ethic, or historic sage
Reports, of laws, their origin, and end,
Their progress, and their means. To Græcian halls
He hastens, now, from Solon's lips to draw
Preceptive truth; or, by the sedgy banks
Of yellow Tiber, now, much musing, strays,
And round him calls the spirits, which, of old,
Gave mighty Rome her code, and, on that code,
Upbuilt the throne of empire (E). Yet not less,
Amid the glooms of German forests, he
Pursues judicial Wisdom (F). The fair page,
Whence Roman Sapience, in a Roman tone,
Still speaks to list'ning realms, his patient steps
Happily directs (G); and customs on his view,
And institutes, and changeful manners, throng,

Picturing the social progress, and high truths
Unfolding to his mind. Thence, forth he hastes
To other realms, where Chivalry displays
Her proud and feudal halls(η); and, round the throne
The assembl'd chiefs, and, round the assembl'd chiefs,
The vassal tribes beholds. The British world
Next, all-auspicious to his glowing toils,
Its rich, ripe harvest yields. The Saxon hosts,
And Norman, pouring, wide, the tide of war,
Or, slowly-framing, in more happy hour,
Of native institutes and Gothic forms,
The goodly structure, not alone are call'd
Before his vision (ι). He, with eager step,
Hastes to the halls where kingly Weakness doz'd,
Till British rights, sustain'd by British swords,
Upsprung, to cheer a world (κ). He watches yet
Advancing freedom, and improving law.
He marks, (as once pure water from the rock
Forth well'd, and plenteous), from the hated throne

v. 186.

Marks the growth of liberty.

Of despot-power, the streams of good that flow'd
Diffusive o'er the realm (L). Ev'n in the frown
Of blood-stain'd Henry, he, with raptur'd eye,
Surveys but future blessings: and, at length,
After wild storms had pass'd, and wintry hours
Had led to spring-tide days, the sacred plant
Of Liberty is seen to spread abroad
Its shelt'ring branches; and unnumber'd fruits,
Fruits of immortalizing power, to yield
Mature, beneath a William's fost'ring reign,
And more, O lov'd, paternal Brunswick, thine!

Behold yon busy stream. By verd'rous slopes,
Wild warbling, now, it bends; through glimm'ring vales
Now sweeps; or, now, beside the thick wood's tangling
edge,

Wanders, and still, from fount or brook, receives
Some new accession to its limpid wave.
So has the student journey'd; various realms,
Or neighb'ring, or remote, have so conferr'd

The danger of legal erudition when misapplied. v. 206.

Their willing tribute, to augment his hoard.
 Yet, ah! what may, at best, such tribute boot,
 If, Knowledge won, fair Virtue be contemn'd?
 Laws, unadminister'd, are idle shades:
 But, ill administer'd, are pests that sweep
 All Justice to the grave. Lo! Bacon tow'rs
 In wisdom, like a giant; but the heart
 Is frail; and Wisdom, which should bless, destroys.
 Lo! subtle Coke, with skilful toil, collects
 The scatter'd treasures of the legal world:
 Yet that, which, well employ'd, had bless'd a realm,
 Becomes dread mischief in the sophist's hands (M).
 No!—Worth alone can consecrate the stores
 By Learning glean'd.—Ev'n for holiest institutes,
 Where skilful Fraud presides, are worse than nought;
 And the dread judgment of unrighteous lips,
 Derives from Knowledge but new pow'rs to curse.

O, then, celestial Truth! O lend thy tints,
 Thy pencil lend, while, with ambitious hand,

The British Judge, and all his various worth,
I venture to pourtray. To him a world
Lifts the exploring eye. From him the laws
Claim, with a voice which bending Seraphs hear,
Support and execution. As he speaks,
Nations decline or flourish, live or die. (N)
Before his throne, full many a holy Right
Demands asylum, from the giant Crimes
That lord it o'er the land. The Orphan, there,
Tells oft, with intermingling sighs, the tale
Of guardian guilt accurs'd; the frequent tear
There softly pleads the drooping widow's cause;
And Liberty herself, celestial dame,
There hastes from tyrant Wrong, to feed her hopes
Of full protection, and of sure redress!

O! does he, then, a coward, or a slave,
Tremble before the mighty? Does he dare
Dash Justice from him, when the sinner bribes?
Or does the poor man's tatter'd garb expose

The poor man to his scorn? O! if his soul
Be made of stuff thus worldly; and if, thus,
His ermin'd honours he most foully stain,
The incensed skies shall mark it; and each smile
Of guilt, acquitted by his traitor voice,
And each sad drop, that trembles on the lids
Of Innocence condemn'd, shall yet be weigh'd—
Weigh'd in the presence of unnumber'd worlds—
Against his plea for mercy. But I turn,
Contemptuous, from th' unholy wretch, to him
Who, like a Mitford (o), as pure Wisdom wills,
Directs the stream of justice. Firm he sits,
As on a mighty mount, above the mists
Of pestilent passions, and of evil days.
To him the humblest right that cheers the hut,
Outweighs all treasures of the golden East.
A Peru, flaming at his feet, would seem
A mite, compared with that his bosom owns
In self-esteem, and self-esteem a world.

v. 261.

The Judge arms the law with power.

Others for gold exist ; for virtue he,
 Alone, and public good. Others the robe
 For profit seek, or pride, and so profane ;
 On him 'tis pure as if 'twere woven snow,
 Honoring, at once, and honor'd. Is the law,
 Dead to infliction, dead, and, in his den
 As is the lifeless lion, all despised ?
 He arms the law with pow'r, and sends it forth
 To pluck Oppression from his seat of strength,
 And shield dejected Virtue. Is the lance
 Of scept'red Station rais'd to shake his will ?
 Justice his hallow'd buckler, and his host,
 He laughs at Fear, and, as in adamant
 Of heav'nly temper cas'd, he braves, and scorns
 The menace, and the mischief. Fame itself,
 So priz'd and sought by fools, his virtue views
 But as the painted glory of a cloud ;
 And, to the poor Ixions of the hour,
 He yields the frail illusion. Not the voice,

Not to be biased by friendship or pity.

v. 280.

Hoarse murm'ring, of the mutinous multitude ;
Nor all the tuneful eloquence divine,
With which imploring Friendship woos the heart ;
Nor melting Pity, though in tones as soft
As e'er were breath'd by rose-enamour'd breeze,
Or angel lips divine, she tell her tale,
May warp his sacred purpose. . Hence, confirm'd
In wisdom, and in gen'rous justice bold,
And dead to Self, that Siren of the heart,
He lives to gen'ral man (P). Before his frown
Guilt flees, and all the host of legal Fraud,
A monster crew, appall'd. The Laws repose,
Fearless, upon his lips. Fair Equity
Beholds her golden balance in his hands,
Well-pleas'd ; and nations, cheer'd and bless'd,
Hail, in the Judge, the patriot and the man !

Such is the man I rev'rence ; in his life
Exemplifying wisdom ; calm, but firm ;
That holy right which all his soul adores,

v. 299.His virtues contrasted.

Sustaining by his toils; beyond the reach
Of fraud, or flatt'ry, which by gold perverts,
Or drugs with opium of deceitful speech;
Careless of self, but thoughtful for the world;
A living mine, that makes an empire rich
In more than gems and gold;—such is the man,
(And plausive cherubs join me in the act)
I venerate as a God! But, O, from those,
I care not what their knowledge, those the shame
Of manhood, and their country, whose low soul
In dust and ashes creeps; whose sordid ear
Hears but the bribe lodg'd in the ready palm;
Who toil for treasure but to hoard disgrace;
And talk and argue boldly, yet not heed
Whether protracted judgment, like a curse,
Fall on the widow'd mourner; or chicane
Devour the means of orphan'd innocence;—
O, from such sinners, O, anointed kings,
Preserve the legal hall, the sacred seat

 Duty of monarchs in appointing judges.

v. 318.

Of Equity, your subjects, and your laws!

And thou shalt still preserve them, thou, in whom
 The patriot guides the monarch; and the king
 Feels as a father! For alone thy will
 Points not the British thunders, nor constrains
 War, and his blood-intoxicated tribe,
 To crouch beneath thy feet. Thou, also, lov'st
 To shield each right, on which Oppression, else,
 With tiger-fang, had fasten'd; thou to deal
 Freely each blessing to thy happy realms,
 Which Justice claims from power, and Freedom asks
 From laws, at once, that, by thy throne sustain'd,
 Sustain themselves thy throne! Lo! at thy word,
 A Mansfield, Thurlow, Kenyon, o'er the land
 Diffuse the dews of unadult'rate law.
 Lo! Loughborough, heedful of thy good intent,
 Protects the injur'd, or upholds the weak:
 And Eldon, wise, delib'rate, firm, sustains
 The sacred honors of the legal throne,

As Truth, and Liberty, and Thou require!

Where, then, paternal monarch, where thy seat
Of genuine glory? where thy throne of power?—
Uprear'd, O King! within a people's heart.
The world-embracing trade; the hero-host;
The navy pouring lightning on the foe;
The wealth that ripens in uncounted mines;
Were, else, but splendid nothingness. The toil
Of restless Faction, else, had, o'er thy realms,
Now happy, scatter'd wide the seeds of woe,
And fatten'd howling Discord with the blood
Of myriads, martyr'd at her flaming shrine.
But, so upheld, the upright King may hear,
Nor dread the shout of war. He wields a sword
On which has fall'n the blessing of the skies;
Rebellion shrinks, soul-palsied, from his frown.
And dies; the wild ambition of the foe
Bends to his virtues, and rejects the spear.

The first Canto closed.

v. 355.

And matron Europe, she whose chaste'n'd praise
Is glory, weaves the amaranthine wreath,
And fondly twines it round his patriot brow (a)!

NOTES

TO

CANTO I.



(A) Blackstone. (B) The grave of Lord Clare.

(C) Pallas adest: notæque jubet supponere terræ
Vipereos dentes populi incrementa futuri.

Paret: et, ut presso sulcum patescit aratro
Spargit humi jussos, mortalia scmina, dentes.

Inde, (fide majus) glebæ cæpere moveri:
Primaque de sulcis acies adparuit hastæ.

Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono:
Mox humeri pectusque, oncrataque brachia telis
Existunt: crescitque seges clypeata virorum.

OVID, *Met.* lib. iii. lin. 102, &c.

(D) "And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." *EXODUS*, ch. iii. ver. 5.

(E) If the Romans borrowed many of their political and maritime institutions from the Greeks, England has derived

from Rome some of her most admired and wholesome laws. The Pandects of Justinian, as well as other remains of Roman jurisprudence, have descended to these times: and a Loughborough and a Redesdale might not be ashamed to enrich themselves from the plenteous coffers of the ancient lawyers of Constantinople.

(F) The principles of the German institutions, in early times, were diffused by German conquests and colonies; and may be still found to exist in many of the English laws.

(G) Tacitus de Mor. Germ.

(H) "The history of the establishment and progress of the feudal system, is an interesting object to all the nations of Europe. In some countries, their jurisprudence and laws are still feudal. In others, many forms and practices, established by custom, or founded on statutes, took their rise from the feudal law, and cannot be understood without attending to the ideas peculiar to it." ROB. Charles V. note 8. sect. i. This, in a very eminent degree, is the case in England; and the feudal doctrines, accordingly, merit the especial attention of the English lawyer. See HUME, vol. i. and ii. *pass.*

(I) The Saxons and Normans respected, in some degree, the old institutions of the country they had subdued, though, on those institutions, they endeavoured to graft the laws of their own nations. The feudal policy, however, as most likely to strengthen the conqueror and restrain the conquered, was

especially maintained by William the Norman. "Il distribuait l'Angleterre," says De Lolme, "en soixante mille deux cents quinze fiefs simples, tous relevant de la couronne : les possesseurs devoient, au premier signal, se rendre en armes aupres de lui, à peine de confiscation ; il soumit non seulement le peuple, mais, de plus, les seigneurs, à toutes les rigueurs du droit feodal. DE LOLME, Ed. 1778, p. 11.

(K) Alluding to Magna Charta ; extorted from the fortunate imbecility of John, and the happy temerity of his barons.

(L) The laws and liberties of England sprang from despotism, and were confirmed by it : "Ce fut l'immense pouvoir du roi qui rendit l'Angleterre libre, parce que ce fut cette immensité même qui y fit naître l'esprit d'union et d'une résistance raisonné." DE LOLME, p. 16. This observation might be easily confirmed by a detail of facts ; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show, that almost every effort made by arbitrary power, in these countries, to extend the authority of the crown, has ultimately tended to enlarge the liberties of the people.

(M) Sir Edward Coke was one of those unhappy characters, who occasionally disgrace a high name and pre-eminent talents, by a vile perversion of both, to purposes equally profligate and mischievous. When permitted to enjoy the fruits of royal favour, he seemed to have adopted no logic but that of courtly servility, and to have admitted no right but that which was to be found in the will of the monarch. Hence, in direct opposition to all equity and law, and to all

established rules of forensic evidence, he pursued, and he oppressed the unfortunate Raleigh; and, hence, the shameless epithets of the most detestable malignity, "monster, traitor, viper, spider of hell," were to be applied to a man of illustrious endowments; under trial for his life; opposed by the tyranny of a despotic government; and defending himself, "with a temper, eloquence, and courage, which should have procured him universal admiration and respect."

I do not mean to assert here that Raleigh was utterly guiltless of the conspiracy of which he was accused. But, as far as we may infer from the testimony on which he was condemned, he was not guilty; and his judges and his accuser were, in this instance, not the ministers of law, but the minions of revenge.

The virulent declainer, who thus loaded this "great man" with reproach, was equally skilled in the arts of adulation. The "spider of hell" was to have its contrast; and the malevolence which crushed, was to be followed by the flattery which deified. It is hard to say, indeed, whether the oppressor of Raleigh, or the adherent of Buckingham, was most mean and vile; but, if we detest the man who conducted the first to the scaffold, we behold him with disgust, who could profanely and impiously pamper the vanity of the last with the denomination of Saviour!

In his subsequent conduct, the great lawyer, of whom I have spoken, was, also, and not rarely, culpable and mischievous; and he was among the most violent of those who toiled to confirm the schism between Charles the First and his parliament; and who may be said, perhaps, even when they appeared most zealous for public and private liberty, to have

been rather occupied in accelerating those miseries, which were, so speedily, to be felt and deplored by the nation.

In a word, Sir Edward Coke, though, considered as a lawyer, and, still more, as the framer and proposer of the Bill of Right, he has merited peculiar admiration and respect; yet, considered as a man, he is entitled, at least, but to the tear of pity, and the sigh of regret.

(N) “When a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that the nation is hastening to its ruin. GUARDIAN, No. 99.

(o) Lord Redesdale. Of this nobleman, the character and talents were sufficiently known, before he was called to preside over the Irish bar. Firm, vigorous, and wise, he has brought to an arduous station, a mind prepared for arduous duty; and, after having long distinguished himself by legal penetration, in one kingdom, he is, now, to advance the welfare of a people, by liberal and safe adjudication, in another. The law, in its spirit, rather than in its letter, is the civil gospel, from which he derives, and by which he sanctions, his judicial determinations. They who know him best, and who can best estimate his merits, readily admit that he is eloquent without sophistry, and discriminating without fastidiousness; that he is acquainted with forms but to render them subservient to utility; and that he is prepared, by equity and promptitude of decision, to render even defeat a comparative blessing. The people of Ireland have had rea-

son to recollect, with gratitude, the name and the virtues of Lord Clare; and the successor of Lord Clare, if the future may be predicted from the past, will not fail to excite a gratitude no less honourable and permanent, by the display of virtues not less salutary and distinguished.

(p) Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo. LUCAN.

(q) A late writer has expatiated more amply on the character of George the Third; and the temper of his observations induces me to quote them, without apology or comment.

“Of the private life of George the Third, we all know and acknowledge the desert. His domestic character, little imitated, and not to be surpassed, is the best satire on the prevailing vices of the times. He has left it to other hands to transplant foreign iniquities into British soil; and, when he flings aside the encumbrances of royalty, and gives the father and husband to his family, we behold excellence adorning and eunobling station, and are taught to love whom we are commanded to obey.

“But he has been studious not merely to render prudence and reason fashionable. He has beheld the increasing splendour of the arts and sciences with no indifferent eye. He has erected an academy in his capital, in which the English pencil has acquired Italian perfection. He has distinguished the talents of a Johnson, and recompensed the Christian labours of a Porteus: and “the five great voyages successively undertaken by his command, and inspired,” says Gibbon, “by the pure love of virtue and of mankind,” have not

only contributed to the comfort and civilization of distant nations, but have opened new prospects on the mind of man, and afforded additional scope to the excursions of knowledge.

“As a magistrate, his conduct is measured by his duty. He seeks for distinction, rather as the subject of the law, than as the sovereign of the empire: and while, with one hand, he holds the balance of Europe, he sheds, with the other, the blessings of justice and liberty upon his country.

“The ability and worth of individuals, when wisely employed, become public blessings. The king has acted as if he thought so, for he has been assiduous to call talent and virtue into action. By the appointments, especially, which he has made in his courts of judicature, he has eminently contributed to the illumination of the legal world: and it is owing to his care that, if the laws were never more impartially administered, they were never better understood than they have lately been; they were never expounded and explained with greater accuracy and erudition; they were never ascertained by discussions of more important topics of constitutional wisdom; and they were never confirmed by more interesting determinations of disputed points, and by decisions more favourable to private property and public right.

“But in this truly excellent character there is still another feature, which, at such an æra as the present, is peculiarly deserving of notice and applause.

“It has, of late, become common to indulge, on the most sacred topics, a boldness of opinion, equally censurable and extreme. The scoffer no longer confines his credulous in-

credulity to himself. In the fashionable world, to other vices those are, now, frequently added, which are the parents of them all—irreligion and infidelity; and many, without judgment to reason, or candour to examine, or zeal for wisdom, or love of truth, have renounced the tenets cherished for ages by the wise and good, and demonstrated, by their conduct, that, not in fabulous ages alone, have folly and impiety dared to make war on heaven.

“Happy is it, then, that he whose example is most conspicuous amongst us, is eminently attached to the Christian cause; happy is it that we recognize in the sovereign, not merely domestic virtue, a paternal regard to the welfare of the nation, and an earnest zeal to maintain and meliorate the laws, but a sincere and stedfast veneration for evangelical wisdom. The world acknowledges that he is great as a king; and greater still as the king of a people, not only prosperous and brave, but free. In the eye of reason, however, he appears still more dignified, as the humble disciple of the gospel; and the piety which leads him into retreat, exalts the man in the Christian, and confers, in the moments of self-abasement, a nobility and elevation, before which the glory of potentates and the splendor of thrones are less than nothing!” LETTER TO LORD SHEFFIELD, ON the Political Principles of certain modern Whigs.—*Debrett*, 1792.

THE JUDGE.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation.—*Subject of the Canto.*—*Fragility of life.*—*The death of Lord Clare.*—*His grave.*—*Admonition to vanity and pleasure.*—*The different effects of the wise and licentious enjoyment of worldly good.*—*Final fate of the vain and worthless.*—*The Judge exemplified in the character and conduct of Lord Clare.*—*The court over which he presided, restored to its purity.*—*Chicane, oratory, delay, form, banished or regulated.*—*Legal knowledge, fidelity of interpretation, dispatch, justice, encouraged and displayed.*—*Consequences to individuals and the public.*—*Address to Law.*—*Its birth, progress, improvement, and effects.*—*Endangered, in Ireland, by the revolutionary temper of the times.*—*Faction.*—*Treason.*—*General perversion of the lower orders of the people.*—*The story of Desmond.*—*The miseries issuing from Rebellion.*—*Rebellion extinguished.*—*Salutary moderation of Government.*—*The tranquillity and order of the country re-established.*—*A general view of the consequences.*—*The Canto closed.*

THE JUDGE.

CANTO II.

GENIUS! I woo thee still. From yonder mound(A),
Where genuine Honor slumbers, the slow crowd
Retires. The melancholy herse no more
Waves, there, his sable plumes: and the dread tomb,
Insatiate monster, in dull silence, feasts
On what, erewhile, was man! There, then, I haste,
Genius, at this dim hour of dewy eve,
Steeping my harp in tears, and breathing thoughts
Full of departed virtue. O! that harp,
In honor of the rev'renc'd dead, attune!
Nor, solely, let my flying hand awake
Its slumb'ring raptures, in accordance sweet
With the pure voice of praise; but let me call,
Also, such wholesome music from the strings,

Nothing can withstand the stroke of Death.

v. 15.

As best the living soul may reach, and warm,
And moralize; and teach the future Judge
To love and shield his country like the past!

Ah, me! how vain the iron mace of power
Against the stroke of death! How more than frail
Fame, treasure, pomp, when, horror in his frown,
The heartless despot aims his fatal lance!
The gorgeous fane, smote by the hand of Time,
Falls, and its chisel'd glories, far-renown'd,
Wide scatters in the dust. So, touch'd by Death,
The human temple, heav'n-form'd structure, sinks,
And all its mortal splendors, bright and rare,
Though mortal, perish in the yawning grave!

Can Genius' self, on Fancy's buoyant wing,
Who soars among the stars, or, far beyond
All worlds, ascends, to dwell amid the blaze
Ineffable, that, round the throne of heav'n,
Sheds everlasting radiance; can ev'n she,
Sister of angels, Virtue, she on whom

Cherubs look down with love, with favour God,
Immortal, and divine, one little hour
Win from determin'd fate?—The blessed beam,
Issueing abroad, diffuses life and light,
O'er many a hill and dale, and so expires.
'Tis thus, O Virtue, bright-ey'd Genius, thus,
Ev'n with thy son. A passing day he shines
Upon the cheered world; but mortals scarce
Have felt and own'd his influence, when he dies;
And darkness closes on the scenes he cheer'd.

Clare is no more! The statesman and the sage,
Whose mighty mind explor'd each depth of law,
And by whose voice determin'd Justice spoke
Her chaste decree, now shares one common sod
With the poor mendicant, that died, unwept,
In some lorn hovel. O ye vain, and great,
Who fancy in a particle ye grasp
A realm imperial, O approach, and learn
To think, at length, and fear. Ye boast, perchance.

Golconda in your coffers, and your will
Deals kingdoms to your slaves. But can ye rule
The grave? Or, while, ev'n now, with critic hand,
Ye cull fresh flow'rs to breathe upon your brow,
Or to your lip, experienc'd epicure,
Ye yield the sparkling goblet; mark ye not,
From yonder mound of dust and bones, his throne,
How Death, grim-laughing at your idiot sports,
Points his unerring dart?—No!—On ye sail,
In quest of pleasure, fearless of the ill
Already nigh, like her, th' Ægyptian dame,
When, reckless of th' immediate asp, she gave
Her silken streamers to the breeze, and sought
Her Antony on the Cydnus. Yet that earth,
Fresh from the delving spade, might well awake
Far different thought. It is a volume, rich
In precious wisdom; a Lycæan school,
Where every bone becomes a Stagyrte,
Skill'd in such inference, as should make the heart

v. 72.Man lives as if he were immortal.

Of each poor frail one quake. Who rests beneath,
Was he not gifted with whate'er the world
Deems best and rarest? Yet the wealth is gone,
Swift as the mocking dream. But, O! not so,
The blessings which it won from grateful lips,
And which, yet scarcely utter'd, angel hands
Were busy to record on adamant,
Where Time nor Death shall reach!—"Tis thus a tongue,
Ev'n from the wasting ashes of the dead,
Would teach vain man to live. Yet he, meanwhile,
Nor heeds, nor hears. He hourly sees a race
Swept to the hideous caverns of the tomb,
Yet deems himself immortal. He beholds,
In every "reeky shank," and "chapless scull,"
His frailty character'd; yet but for time
He tills, and plants, and sows, as if his hand
Were sure to reap the fruits; as if the fruits,
When gather'd in, would fill the barns of hope!
But, see! the arm of Fate already grasps

 Truth admonishes him.

v. 91.

The self-deluding victim. Round his couch
 He views but mocking Pageants, dying Joys,
 And Horror, shrinking from the stroke of death:
 And on his ear, the rapturous strains instead
 Of holy Hope; instead of songs of joy,
 Pour'd by attendant seraphs, such as cheer
 Expiring Virtue; falls the fearful voice
 Alone of angry Truth. "Weak wretch, no more
 Thou barterest heav'n's intrusted wealth, for shades
 As transient as thyself. That very world,
 So hugg'd and courted, strips thee, now, of all
 Her treacherous bounty yielded. Not a shred
 Of comfort, but is gone: and thou, the heir,
 So destin'd, of yon blessed realms, art left,
 Soldly, the dower of sin—remorse, and woe!"

Clare is no more!—yet, in his deeds, the man
 Outlives himself: and grateful Fancy, still,
 Within those walls, where Equity adorns
 Her well-cemented throne, beholds the Judge

v. 110.

The Judge exemplified in Lord Clare.

In whose decrees, decisive, liberal, clear,
Was genuine wisdom heard (B). There, many a day,
Had dwelt, 'tis said, the harpy-pest, Chicane.
Nor right he knew, nor wrong The villain Gain
Was his sole guide, and God. Each faded form
Of Want, Chagrin, and Ruin, round him wav'd,
Ominous, their wings, and on his guilty head
Pour'd keenest execration. Yet the more,
Feasting and fattening on their woes, he ply'd
His arts, impure and vile. Now, Jesuit-like,
Sulk'd he from censure in sophistic glooms;
Now dealt out cheating promises to fools,
In barter for their gold; or, yet more bold,
With many a mighty folio at his foot
Of dread, black-letter, magic, now assum'd
A louder tone, and, Themis half-convinc'd,
Promulg'd, as truths confirm'd by ancient seers,
His own most foul and cheating fallacies (C).
But, lo! his reign is o'er. He saw, in Clare,

 Chicane, oratory, delay, &c. banished.

v. 129.

His master-power approach : and, at each point,
 Though arm'd, a human porcupine, for war,
 Litigious war, with keen forensic trick,
 Muttering, he fled, dismayed, his Stygian form
 In ten-fold glooms to hide (D). Nor he, alone;
 For Eloquence, so idly term'd, who spreads
 Her rainbow-robe to catch the vulgar gaze,
 And weaves, in Fancy's loom, her cobweb snares
 For fools, then, also, fled (E); and with her bore
 Her progeny, Delay, a Proteus fell,
 Caught in whose toils sweet Patience' self expires,
 And from whose Dædal maze no clue conducts,
 Too often, but to misery and the grave.

O! at that hour of renovated law,
 Ye Burstons say, and Saurins, for ye know,
 What hallow'd forms the place and power assum'd,
 Of this the host of Fraud. Say, in your halls,
 Did not staid Knowledge sojourn, she right rich
 In legal science, but in virtue more?

v. 148. Legal knowledge and dispatch take their place.

And pure Interpretation, whose keen eye
 Pierc'd through each wordy cloud, that, darkling, hung
 Upon the orb of truth? And wing'd Dispatch,
 That, strong in facts and wisdom, quickly gain'd
 The goal he sought, which tortoise-footed Form
 Had ask'd an age to reach (F)? And she, enrob'd
 In moteless sun-beams, who, as speaks her name (G),
 Shrinks from the thought of wrong, and bravely stands,
 For right, if so requir'd, against a world?—

Ah! well ye deem, that, still, around his seat,
 Whose hearse ye lately follow'd, these were seen,
 Lovely, though awful graces, or were heard
 In each decree, while ev'n defeat approv'd
 The sentence which it mourn'd. Hence from the scenes,
 Where lame and slumb'rous Equity, so oft,
 Had dealt out ruin with a legal hand,
 Issu'd pure truths, by rare appeal deny'd;
 Hence precedents of wisdom, to descend
 To future ages; and decisions, hence,

Which pour'd upon the darksome page of law,
A more than solar noon—What though thy name
Fell Envy, then, hell-born, herself a hell!
Illustrious Clare, pursue? What though the fiends
Of foul-lip'd Malice, all their bosom'd spleen
Effuse, to blast the verdures of thy grave?—
Thy fame, embalm'd by virtue, ne'er shall prove
A wretched reptile's feast. The precious wreath,
Wov'n by thy country, with maternal hand,
To grace the living patriot, still shall bloom
The honor of the dead. And the pure praise
Conferr'd by nations, in thy day of deeds,
Shall still, that day expir'd, exalt the man,
Whose lip expounded, and whose life sustain'd,
Thy sense and spirit, all-protective Law!

Yes! thee I hail, deriv'd, in times of yore,
From Freedom, loveliest of the mountain nymphs,
And Wisdom, heav'n-descended! Thee I hail,
Ev'n at thy birth endow'd with powers to bless,

v. 167.An address to Law.

And by old Time—the sage whose slightest thought
Outprizes all ere heard amid the groves
Where stray'd the Attic Moses—hast been dower'd
With grace, and dignity, and truth, and worth,
'Till Britain proudly own'd thee as his bride,
The world its paragon! Beneath thy rule,
Behold! thine hand-maid, Safety, o'er the mess,
Alike, presides, that strews the cottage board,
As o'er the steaming feasts, in palace halls,
That woo the lordly lip: nor the poor means
She less delights to guard, which pilgrim Need
Hoard in his scanty srip, than the best gem
That glows and blazes in Britannia's crown.
Beneath thy rule, behold! her busy swarms
Blithe Industry leads forth; and, now, the sail,
An India in its secret chambers lodg'd,
Dares wildest elements; the mine is forc'd
To yield her prison'd glories; the rude rock
Springs into lovely form; the furnace flames;

Address continued.

v. 205.

The panting bellows toils; the mineral mass
Spreads, like a mirror, to the dancing beam;
Or, labour varying, eager shuttles fly;
And future plenty in the upturn'd glebe
Is sown; till all the land, made rich, and warm,
And fruitful, like a happy mother smiles
Amid a joyous race!—Yes, thine it is,
And thine alone, all-guarding Law, to deal
These varied blessings round: and thine, yet more,
To nurse the patriot thought; and wake and warm
The dormant manhood of the public soul;
And, holding each a willing subject, bind
In social union all. O'er other realms,
Why spreads destruction round? Why, hopeless, mourns
Old Ægypt mid her deserts? Why extends
Syria her plague-engendering marshes, where,
In better days, was sun-burnt Autumn wont
To pour his treasures forth?—Thou art not there,
To bid the wild be green, the fen be gay,

v. 224.Law endangered.

The sand be fertile, and the man be man!
Thou art not there!—But there despotic Rule,
Before whose blasting frown each beauty dies,
And ev'n the soul, its heavenly lineaments
Transform'd to savage, knows itself no more!
O, therefore, long, o'er these thy happiest seats
Sole mistress reign. In every upright heart
Shalt thou find reverence; every hand shall join
To twine the olive round thy matron brow;
Or should the rebel plot—rebel to thee,
More rebel to himself—thy peaceful throne,
In evil hour, to rase; forth-issueing firm,
Shall, then, each Power and Virtue of the land
Beneath thy standard league, and smite the foe.

Yct has the foe been found, the contest try'd!
For are there not whose earthly will profane
Would war ev'n with Perfection, though she came,
Omnipotent, to bless?—From those dire scenes,
Where shuddering France beheld God's altars fir'd

By impious hands; and her fair cities spoil'd
By villain vagrants into despots rais'd;
And her best sons by foul Proscription fall,
In countless thousands—from that land of blood
The maniac, Revolution, rob'd in flames,
And frowning fear and death, his hasty step
Bent, also, to thy shores, Ierne, fraught
With many a spell of woe. In hideous state,
Around her waited, and of hideous form,
Discord, and Want, and civil War, and Death,
Infernal ministers of infernal Ills,
To mar the human world! But, first, and chief,
Hell in his heart, and horror in his eye,
At her dread word, the giant Faction rose,
Claiming the affrighted realm; and, while meek Peace,
That vainly sought to soothe him, shrieking, died
Within his iron grasp, the monster laugh'd,
Frantic with joy, and call'd the land his own.

Then was the hour of Fate! Wide, wild, and fierce,

v. 243. Perversion of the lower orders of people in Ireland.

Swept Ruin his keen scythe! And not a mead
But saw its vernal honors stain'd with blood;
Nor airless cell but shelter'd in its glooms
Fell Plunder's midnight congress (H)! Fear herself
Scarce reach'd th' impending ill; and every sin
That steels the bigot breast, and fires the thought
Of maddening Murder, wildly rush'd abroad,
In desperate league, and, as they swept along,
O'er all the realm shed misery and death,
Till Horror's self was glutted, and the Grave!

Where, now, the virtues of the simple swain?
Where, now, the wholesome toils of rural life?
Alas! beside the rustic hearth, no more
Content her carol sings; the rustic board
No more to tranquil Innocence outspreads
The temperate viand pure. To other scenes
The guests, erewhile that made the cottage gay,
And tun'd its owner's heart, their living lyre,
To sweetest music, flee: and, in their stead,

Wild Want, and Woe, and Treason, steep'd in blood,
And conscious Dread, that sleeps on daggers' points,
The hut usurping, lavish curses round,
Stol'n from the hoards of hell.—Beside the banks
Where beauteous Banna (1) guides hersilv'ry stream,
The shepherd Desmond dwelt. His toiling hand
Was wont to scatter verdure o'er the glebe.
The annual fleece was his; and milky sweets,
Health's nectar, in o'erflowing streams, enrich'd
His morning pail and evening. But the hour
Of guilt, is that of woe. In Desmond's ear
Has Faction also whisper'd, and the heart
Of Desmond feels the influence of the fiend.
Peace flees afar. The cool and shadowy haunts
Are shunn'd, where oft, at glowing noon, retir'd,
He woo'd sweet fancies. Ev'n the little brook,
Gay warbler, that beside his cottage strays;
Ev'n the ripe sheaves that load his barn with gold,
And the pure feasts that swelling udders yield,

v. 300.

Leads forth a band to plunder.

All, all, are scorn'd. That which, in other days,
 He hugg'd as plenty, now, as want and shame,
 Is flung, indignant, from him; and, alone,
 Of plunder, and of fair domains (κ), his spoil,
 And thrones o'erturn'd by popular Licence wild,
 His hideous madness dreams. Then follow deeds
 Most foul and fearful. At that darksome hour
 That hoods the villain best, oft leads he forth
 A crew, for plunder wild, and steep'd in blood.
 Horror the while exults. The destin'd dome
 Is wrapp'd in sudden flames, the fleet ball flies,
 And Pillage swells the murderer's hideous hoard (L).
 But heeds not Justice, then? Or sleep the Powers
 Of Punishment, and Law? They do not. Mark!
 They issue forth, and chase, from haunt to haunt,
 Their fated victim; till, who brav'd, of late,
 The hosts of heav'n, is fear-struck at a leaf.
 O'er moors and heights, deep-panting, and appall'd,
 Ah, see, he flees! And, now, he plunges deep

Within the mountain cavern; mid the cliffs,
Now lurks, of the steep rock, or wildly seeks
The wat'ry refuge of the deep morass.
In vain. The partners of his guilt betray.
He feels the grasp of Fate. The galling chain
Clanks on his failing limbs. The dungeon cells
Hear his sad moan. The scaffold scares his heart.
He dies. And o'er the pale corse bend and weep
A phrenzy'd widow, and an orphan boy.

And often shall they weep. The hand is cold
That once sustain'd their wants! The sacred cares
That once with comfort fill'd their little cup,
No longer wake and watch to cheer their days!
Hence toils no plough for them; hence weeds obscene
Deform their scanted glebe; and Want and Grief
Prey on their wasting strength. Where, then, their hope?
Who, then, to listen to their prayers, and yield
The cordial and the balm? Alas! the World,
Cruel, so oft, except to fools and knaves,

v. 338.

The misery entailed on his family.

Reserves for other hands its sweets and flowers :
And, ev'n now, while o'er the realm they rove,
Poor, houseless, hopeless, wanderers in a wild ;
The abject garb, and dim and lifeless eye,
And tottering step, and slow-decaying form,
All speak their sufferings, and attest the crimes
For which the father and the husband fell.

At length tir'd Nature yields. The tear, the sigh,
Not long shall dew their closing lids, nor long
Their woe-worn bosom heave. He, hapless boy,
Wasted and wan, in Famine's wither'd arms
Already falls; and on her shrunken cheek,
Where flourish'd, once, the loveliest rose of health,
Consumption feasts, in hectic flushes wrapp'd,
That preface speedy death. A little while,
Sad sufferer, then, be patient. Few the pangs
That yet remain to try thee. Mercy hastes
Thy passage to the grave; and Mercy, thence,
Shall lead thee where thine eyes shall weep no more !

Faction destroys the peace of Ireland.

v. 257.

But say, O Faction, are thy trophies these?
Are these the blessings from thy toils that spring,
Boaster, to cheer the realms?—O, let that grave,
Let the poor victims that now slumber there,
Reply: or, if the ashes of the dead
Know not a tongue to speak thee as thou art,
Let Erin, then, be heard. For many a day,
The Canaan of the West, she liv'd in peace,
And Plenty revel'd at the board she spread.
Rich were her fields. Her joyous swains beheld
Their fleecy people, and their numerous kine,
O'er fatt'ning pastures stray; or the rich glebe
They, rather, to the shining coulter gave,
While the glad prophet, Hope, in whisp'rings sweet
As heavenly harpings, of ripe harvests told,
And the full treasures of the ample barn,
Till all their heart was joy. Ah! what her vales
Irriguous, and her sunny uplands, then,
But scenes where Beauty sported, and were found

v. 376.

Order and tranquillity restored.

Fruits, more than ev'n her active millions crav'd?
Ah! what her pure ambition, but to prove
In virtue high; by smiling concord blest;
Renown'd for liberal arts; and dear to Fame
For countless deeds, 'mid battling hosts achiev'd,
Of gallant hardihood?—But thou art nigh!—
And, see, her joys expire; her fields, that smil'd
So late, are stain'd with blood; her lowing herds,
And golden harvests, are the prey of war;
And Woe and Guilt, in execrable league
United, toil to crush her matron hopes,
And all her blooming Paradise deface!

But short thy boast and triumph. Bold, and firm,
The State still liv'd, and grasp'd the sword of strength;
And every nobler Virtue, by those crimes
Awak'd, that brav'd the heav'ns, with sacred zeal
Around her rallied, as their ark, and thee,
Fell monster, smote, who, else, her rights had spoil'd,
And cast her in the dust. Yet hers to wield



The Laws resume their sway.

v. 395.

No unrelenting steel ; the felon few,
Thy prime artificers of treason, fell ;
But, there, wisé Justice paus'd ; and, round his sword,
While throbbing Mercy twin'd her wreaths, were heard
Innumerable blessings from a pardon'd host.

Hence varied good arose. The idiot crowd,
Tutor'd by woe, renew'd, in happy hour,
The peaceful labours of the loom, or plough ;
The Laws resum'd their sway ; the ripening ear,
The herd, the fleecy tribe, no longer fear'd
The midnight ruffian ; Peace and Order shed,
And firm, protective Power, o'er all the land,
Their various blessings ; and glad Trade renew'd
Her active plans, whether new marts to ope,
Orient or Western, or conduct abroad,
With skill, Riquet (M), like thine, the bright canal,
And all the sources of domestic wealth,
Numerous as rich, with patient toil, explore (N).

Where now, O, where, the bold and clamorous crew

Of raving Discord? Faction's furious bands?
The hords of Murder? and the thousand Woes
That lately sham'd and curs'd the sickening realm?
Where, now, the clouds that, o'er the horizon, charg'd
With livid lightning, hung, and widely shed
Pernicious influence, till the fell fiends smil'd,
Who feast on human ills, and pitying drops
Moisten'd angelic cheeks? 'Tis calmness all!
The fearful glooms retire. Each active port
Reopes his bosom to the thronging sail.
The ghastly Power, that rules o'er marsh and moor,
Resigns to fair Fertility his throne:
And the glad realm—her provinces conjoin'd
In wholesome league; her people brave, and free;
Her precious products courted by the world;
Her future heirdom, glory—Lo! renew'd
In hope, in strength, in confidence, in worth,
She calls her children to one common feast
Of peace and plenty; and prepares, alike,

Canto closed.

v. 433.

To cherish wholesome arts; or, if so urg'd
By haughty Gaul, to seize the ready sword,
And in the shock of arms her Britain aid,
Till Victory lead the sisters from the field (o)!

NOTES

TO

CANTO II.



(A) The grave of the late Lord Clare.

(B) Lord Clare presided in the Court of Chancery for many years, and of the great number of decrees which he pronounced, the few that have been reversed scarcely merit enumeration. The rapidity of his adjudication appeared astonishing to a people who had learned to regard a suit in Chancery as the business of an age: but astonishment was converted into admiration and esteem, when it was found that he who excelled his predecessors in facility of decision, surpassed them also in strength and accuracy of judgment.

(C) I believe it is well known to many at the bar, that, in the courts of justice, doctrines are, sometimes, advanced, with all the parade of learned quotation, which, however, are merely the fabrications of adventurous fraud, to delude weakness into assent. But of such conduct, I scarcely know whether the guilt or folly be most distinguishable. It is guilty; because, aiming at the perversion of law, it endan-

gers the security of social life : it is foolish ; because, seeking to sustain imposition in the presence of many who are vigilant and skilful to detect the fallacy, it can rarely escape the ignominy which is attached most justly to a lie. Let young men, therefore, beware. Independant of all considerations of conscience, a thousand instances of success will not compensate for one instance of exposure. There is a meanness in such proceedings which cannot want its punishment, so long as there shall be reflection to think, and sagacity to enquire ; and he who permits himself to trust to so despicable an auxiliary for support, must have first renounced “ the dignity of virtue, and the manliness of truth.”

(D) I bend with acknowledgment to the French satyrst ; but, if I may be thought to have borrowed my colours from his palette, let it be recollected that the chicane of one age must resemble that of another.

On l'appelle Chicane, et ce monstre odieux
 Jamais pour l'Equité n'eut d'oreilles ni d'yeux.
 La disette, au teint blême, et la triste famine,
 Les chagrins devorans, et l'infame ruïne,
 Enfans infortunez de ses raffinemens,
 Troublent l'air d'alentour de longs gemissemens.
 Sans cesse feuilletant les loix et la coutoûme,
 Pour consumer autrui, le Monstre se consume,
 Et devorans maisons, palais, châteaux entiers,
 Rend pour des monceaux d'or de vains tas des papiers.
 Sous le coupable effort de sa noire insolence,
 Themis a vu cent fois chanceler sa balance.

LUTRIN, chant. v. line 37.

(E) Of the oratory which, affluent in words, is penurious in meaning, Lord Clare, equally as a man of wisdom and of business, was the decided foe.

Tous ces pompeux amas d'expressions frivoles,
Sont d'un declamateur, amoureux des paroles.

With the good sense of the poet, he condemned the pompous trifles of declamation; and with the vigour of the public character, he honestly forbade a sacrifice of those hours to verbal contention, which duty required him to dedicate to public purposes.

(F) I mean not here to imply that there should exist no forms in the proceedings of legal investigation, or that the forms should invariably depend on the discretion of the Judge. Form is essential to the due administration of law; because, without it, adjudication would be frequently precipitate, and defect and disorder would be as frequently introduced into the mass of evidence on which the verdict is to rest. But forms exist which it is the business and the duty of a judge to overrule. The motion without cause, the oath without substance, the litigious application for delay, and the reply and rejoinder, pushed, so frequently, to the extremity of chicane, till defendant and plaintiff are alike silenced by the grave; are formalities, indisputably, in which the wise discretion of the bench may laudably interfere, and to which judicial submission is not merely individual weakness, but general injury.

Lord Clare, acute and vigilant in the investigation of truth, and in the detection of error, and equally determined as a man and a judge, disdained an acquiescence thus criminal or

weak. He had an Alps of litigation to remove. He had much to reform, and something to restore. His progress was often impeded by frauds fabricated in the office of the Attorney; or by the fallacies and circumlocutions of a species of oratory, which, however miserably instructed in law, was deeply informed in chicane. Against this host of evils he stood collected and firm, and it, at length, vanished from before him. The powers of legal sophistry, in whatever disguise, trembled beneath his influence; and forensic fraud no longer degraded and disgraced an honourable profession. If, therefore, he may have been, sometimes, precipitate; let it be recollected that he was, generally, right;—if he excited the paltry enmity of a disappointed few; let it be acknowledged that the many who were rescued from the evils of protracted contest, continue to approve and applaud;—or, if slander have railed, and enmity accused, let it be owned that Equity has been redressed, her chains have been struck off, her rights confirmed, and the pollutions of her temple done away, by a new and happier consecration.

In these observations, I intend no general impeachment of the Irish bar. So very remote, on the contrary, is such an idea from my purpose, that, gladly, and without any qualification, I acknowledge that there is displayed at it, and by not a few, such eminence and variety of talent, and with a zeal so suitable to sound law and perfect right, that it is impossible for me but to honour a profession, which has induced a display of such extensive ability. My object, therefore, is, simply, to stigmatize the fraud whose feelings extend not beyond the periphery of the purse, and whose knowledge frequently repays, in ruin, what it received in gold.

(G) Justice.

(11) The progress of faction and sedition is described by De Bosch, with such force and elegance, that I presume to transcribe the whole passage.

Qualis fortis equus, quem fervidus impetus egit,
 Quique reluctante discussit ab ore catenas,
 Dum ruit, artificumque manus, oblataque signa,
 Et lætas Cereris pedibus conculcat aristas ;
 Sic populus, qui more caret vitæque magistris,
 Abjecitque sacras legum furibundus habenas,
 Seditio domos sociorum invadit et urit,
 Oblitusque dei votivas disjicit aras.

His si vesanis præsit Catalina manipulis,
 Qui clandestinos animos superinjicit ignes, —

* * * * *

Tunc gens humanum, mollissima corde benigne

Cui natura dedit, fit detestabile monstrum.

Huic socium occidisse parum est, nec sufficit, hujus,

Majus at admittat scelus insatiabilis ira,

Pectora dilaniat, capita amputat, ossaque saxis.

Illidit contis abscissaque colla cruentis

Imponit, circumque ferens squalentia multo

Cum clamore parem sortem metnentibus effert,

Carmen de Fqualitate Hom. Amsterdam, 1793.

(1) A river of the county of Wexford. That county was the principle scene of the rebellion.

(κ) It is a certain fact, that multitudes of the lower classes

had assumed to themselves, early in the rebellion, the future ownership of the estates in their respective districts. There were some, nevertheless, who, though much enamoured of woods and lawns, confined not their soaring ambition to the paltry acquirement of lands and tenements. Such of the wives and daughters of their superiors as appeared to them sufficiently beautiful, were also apportioned out by the amorous imagination of these secret lovers, to decorate the bed of the valorous pike-man, and the aspiring rebel. It was even said, and, I think, it appeared in evidence, that the jolly and well-fed coachman of a Dublin citizen, was among those who were "smitten with the love of noble dames;" and that he had already chosen the Right Honourable Lady ——— as the joy or solace of his future life.

(L) This was the usual progress of the nocturnal banditti, who, at that period, harassed the country; and who, though their principal object was arms of whatever kind, had no objection to other valuable commodities. The loyalist, or even the reputed loyalist, was, of course, to be plundered; and if, after the first demand of admission into his house, he refused to open his doors, and to submit tamely to the pistol or the pike; a volley of bullets was instantly poured through his windows; and his house, if possible, was devoted to the flames. In this manner, at the dead of night, when scarcely suspicion was prepared for violence, the comparatively feeble individual was to be assaulted by a band of human Furies; and Law and Justice, for a time, were to be eluded and insulted by Robbery and by Murder.

I would here add that the whole of this story is literally true. The crimes and sorrows which it details were com-

mon. Indeed, in many instances, the guilt of the father and the husband terminated in the beggary and ruin of his family; and description knows no colours in which she might delineate, with any adequate effect, the atrocities and sufferings which were really perpetrated and endured

(M) The history which Monsieur De la Lande has given of the canal of Languedoc, sufficiently attests the virtues of the illustrious citizen here mentioned. Impelled, we are told, by the most honourable motives, and instructed in every science necessary to the accomplishment of his design, Monsieur Riquet de Bonrepos undertook, by a work astonishing even in the conception, to open a communication, through France, between the Mediterranean and the Ocean. Having, after much preliminary expence, obtained the countenance of Louis the Fourteenth, he made, in two years, (1665 and 1666), such a progress in the execution of his plan, as fully justified his views, and sufficiently excited the national hope. Twelve thousand men were, now, daily employed under his direction. Rocks and precipices, and mountains, yielded to his perseverance and skill; and, at length, in little more than thirteen years, the canal was completed, in which France was to find new and ample sources of public prosperity, and a new and noble cause for public gratitude.

The grand and stupendous works, necessarily connected with this canal, do honour, not merely to the genius by which they were constructed, but to the nation which they benefit and adorn. The harbour of Cette, the reservoir of Saint Ferriol, the bason of Narouse, the aqueduct of Repoudre, the arched vault of Malpas, are all, and in a pre-eminent

degree, distinguished by their magnificence and utility. The canal, which is sometimes led for more than a mile through passages scooped from the solid rock, is, according to Chambers, sixty-one leagues in length, and is supplied by one hundred and one basons. The annual expence of maintenance is, indisputably, great; but the actual tolls more than double the amount of the expence; and what is the advantage to the nation has not, as yet, been calculated, because, perhaps, it is incalculable.

(N) One of the last grants of the Irish parliament was conferred for the purpose of promoting the Inland Navigation of Ireland; and a considerable degree of national attention has been lately directed to that most important object.

(O) I have anxiously avoided all details of revolutionary calamities and crimes; for who would wish to dwell on the degradations of humanity; and to exhibit man stained with the blood of his fellow-citizen, and exercising faculty and power, solely to render his guilt more deplorable and more deep? But I observe, with full gratification, the salutary consequences resulting from that administrative wisdom, which, though firm to punish, was liberal to spare; and which, consigning the factious and unfeeling leader to justice, has toiled to save the ignorant and deluded multitude even from themselves. On this wisdom, the best comment is written in the diffusive blessings which have issued from it. The fever of insurrection has been followed by the convalescence of peace. A nation, so recently menaced by a foul, and most unnatural conspiracy, has already beheld the industry of her people renewed, and general welfare re-esta-

blished on the firm basis of public order and law. The very miseries that have conferred a detestable distinction on the past; the blood, the pillage, the parricide, so utterly unprofitable, even in a temporal view, to the frightful lunacy from which they issued, might be thought to exist only in the page of the historian, as so many monuments of the phrenzy of times that are gone, for the admonition and instruction of those that are to come. Thus the crimes of treason have counteracted the will; and thus, under the influence of a mild and enlightened government, tranquillity has arisen from confusion, and “the pomegranate, and myrtle, and fig-tree, have sprung up in the habitation of dragons.”

THE JUDGE.

ARGUMENT.

Address to Public Spirit.—The efforts of Faction to prevent the restoration of public tranquillity.—Treason and Rebellion counteracted by the vigilance and activity of Lord Clare.—The firmness, wisdom, and courage of that nobleman.—The praise he sought and obtained.—His errors.—Their cause and effect.—A view of his conduct as a Landlord.—The suffering loyalist relieved by his munificence and protection.—Admonitory appeal to the dissipated and affluent.—The consequences of time and talents misapplied.—The genuine sources of felicity.—Concluding address to the students of Trinity College, Dublin.—Study and integrity contrasted with indolence and vice, in their occupations and consequences.—The claims of country.—Genuine honours by whom to be obtained.—Precepts moral and literary, and the result of conduct regulated by them.—Wisdom associated with happiness.—Inducements to early industry.—Learned pursuits.—Polite literature.—The human mind.—The Earth.—The Heavens.—Caution against the sceptical subtilties of modern philosophy.—The poem closed.

THE JUDGE.

CANTO III.

BLEST be the toils which spread this good around!
Blest, Public Spirit, those, thy favor'd sons,
Who, while the tempest rag'd, thus seiz'd the helm,
And safely through the wild waves steer'd the State,
In which she, else, had founder'd! Yet the host
Ev'n then, of Faction, gladden'd by each shriek
Of the loud-beating storm, were prompt to mar
The patriot purpose, and to plunge the bark,
Freighted with all our rights, and civic hopes,
Deep in the boiling surge. But what their fruits,
Save dust and ashes (A)? On the lips of Clare
Detecting Truth abode, and, as he spoke,
Upsprung, impure and vile, to public scorn,
The traitor and the treason. Nor the shades

Of villain-favouring night, nor the deep glooms
Of spectred cavern, from his view conceal'd
Thy hideous toils, Rebellion. For, what time,
Frantic for future mischiefs, on thy spells
Thou ponderedst, Dæmon, he thy labours mark'd,
And mark'd the monster Crimes that in thy heart
Were born, fell brood, and, by dire nurture train'd
For deeds of woe, and blood. O, at that hour,
How vain the vigilance of all thy tribes,
Thy fearful mysteries, and oaths of hell!
Forth from the shrouding darkness of thy haunts,
He dragg'd thee, struggling fiend, and gave to scorn
Thyself, and schemes, alike. Nor one mean fear
Check'd the bold counsels of his warning voice,
Nor reach'd his patriot heart. Erect and firm,
He brav'd, as duty will'd, conspiring foes;
And, like old Israel's favour'd son, he stood
Between the living and the dead, till Heav'n
Sent Mercy forth, and the foul plague was stay'd (B).

And you, ye senates, for ye mark'd them, oft,
And bless'd them as ye mark'd, his generous toils
And virtues shall proclaim, that wak'd and watch'd,
Unwearied, while one trait'rous arm was rais'd,
And Right and Freedom had a foe to fear.
You shall proclaim who first, of Honour's sons,
Was prompt, by strong anticipating law,
To shield the menac'd state, or, danger nigh,
Array its powers, and send the phalanx forth,
Assur'd of triumph (c) —Yes!—No boaster he,
That, changing with the moment, could renounce
The toil of action for the play of words;
The chase of dangerous honour for the praise
Conferr'd by giddy crowds. His better praise
He proudly sought within, from the pure voice
That ne'er was bought nor sold!—And, if the din
Of noisy Glory follow'd not his deeds,
That often follows guilt, and ends in shame,
His country mark'd him well: and Public Good.

 Error expiated by motive.

v. 53.

His other deity, and stedfast Truth,
 And civil Virtue, eulogists divine,
 Conferr'd, in whisp'rings sweet, his more than fame (D)!

True, he did err. All virtue at his heart,
 All public spirit in his aim and will,
 He felt what others feign'd. Hence from his lip
 May scorn, perchance, have fall'n, and stern rebuke,
 Which calmer thought had still'd. But, also, hence,
 The keen, quick lightnings of the angry eye,
 That smote, in every nerve, the shrieking knave;
 And, hence, the bold, detecting eloquence,
 And prompt, and dreadless counsel, that appall'd
 The soul of Faction, and the rabble rout
 Of Treason, furious, a Satanic throne,
 Mid the sad ruins of a realm, to rear!

True! he did err. But yon fair plant, that bends
 Beneath its ruddy treasures, shall we slight,
 Because it shows an unproductive branch?
 Or, if yon ample stream o'erflow its banks,

v. 72.

Appeal to Malice.

With momentary license, shall we, thence,
Forget how cheers it many a parched mead?—
No!—though his casual frailties may, perchance,
Yield feasts to envy, and, to evil tongues,
Texts for most slanderous comment, yet the worth
Mature and fruitful, and the lab'ring life,
That scatter'd o'er the realm such varied good,
Shall have their record still! The hand of Truth
Shall gladly trace it in a nation's heart!
A nation's praise proclaim it to the world!

Malice, yet more!—With all a miser's care
Who watch'd the orphan's treasure? Who repell'd
The foul and griping guardian? Who sustain'd
The high-soul'd patriot in the upright Judge?
Or—mid those scenes, where Shannon leads his stream,
Majestic, through the woods, and winding vales,
That bless his copious wave, and what he deals
In precious moisture, pay in buds, and flowers,
And fruitage, yet more precious (E)—Who rejoic'd

To cheer the peasant's hearth; to aid his toils;
To spread his wholesome board; to bid him call
The wheaten sheaf his own, and thriving flock,
Nor fear a rigid master?—Ah! full well
Thou know'st him, and thou, also, know'st, his name
Has past thy fiery furnace, and, unhurt,
Come forth, from midst the flames! Else holy Truth
Had fail'd; and Virtue had deplor'd thy power,
Now scorn'd, and own'd thee victor. For he felt,
As man, for man; he watch'd, with anxious eye,
The humblest cottage right; and—not like those,
Who o'er their lands with tyrant folly rule,
Till, a whole province ruin'd, they remain
The living pyramids of unpeopled wilds!—
He lov'd the little hamlet; lov'd and sooth'd
The toiling tenant, and gave Hope to twine
The peasant's sickle with her fairy flowers.
Hence, o'er his grounds, no sorrowing vassal sigh'd,
Pampering a despot's ear; no wretched race

Of starving slaves proclaim'd the landlord's guilt.
Peace, and her sister Plenty, led the flocks
That o'er his pastures stray'd; or held the plough
That furrow'd his rich glebe. Nor they, alone,
In gold, of earthly currency, discharg'd
What he had lent in soil. A nobler price
They paid, in coin made sterling in the skies,
Looks, picturing all the gay and happy heart,
And blessings, bursting from the grateful lip (F).

Such tribute have the looks and lips of Loyd,
Glad debtors, often tender'd; for his hut
Thy bounties, Clare! and favour, also, cheer'd.
In various comforts rich, his early days
He pass'd, and not a tear bedew'd his cheek,
Save such as pity dropp'd. But cruel Time,
By gradual theft, his hoarded treasures stole,
One gem except, one pure and priceless gem,
His Emma, guarded by protecting heav'n!
She, the last, dearest gift of wedded love,

Gay as the smiling spring, and pure as snows,
Ere yet heav'n's beam hath kiss'd them, was his hord,
She, and the virtues coffer'd at his heart;
And not a thousand gorgeous thrones, though rich
In all by hell-delighting Conquest won,
Might hope to buy his store. Hence, if, full oft,
He mourn'd for what was lost, as oft his heart,
For what was left, in grateful prayer arose;
And, though no stretch was his of fair domain,
No marble structure op'd its gilded halls
For him, such blessings linger'd in his cot,
As shun the palace, and renounce the lord.

Yet is the fate of mortal man, at best,
But of still varying texture. The fair form
Of Joy, now dances in the web, and sheds
Around him sweetest blossoms; but the shapes,
Foul shapes deform'd, of Woe, and Trial, now,
Upspring, and Joy expires, and every bloom
Is drench'd in countless tears. So Loyd had prov'd;

v. 148.The cottage consumed.

So still was doom'd to prove. A rebel band,
For every rebel was the foe of Loyd,
With dire intent approach, at midnight hour,
His lowly hut. The ball already flies.
The fierce flame seizes on the humble roof.
Half yields the feeble door—"Haste, haste, my child,"
The father cry'd, "that postern yet is safe,
And yonder wood—thou mark'st me—I, meanwhile,
Shall brave the rabble rout, that else thy flight
Might mark, and seize my all!"—The maiden fled,
Guided by viewless powers. Then forth the sire
Plung'd through the fiery deluge, and the foe
Felt with what force the steel in valour's hand
Falls on the coward's breast. Appall'd, the band
Gradual retire; yet still, by phrenzy fir'd,
But erring in the deepen'd glooms, they pour
The wild, and random ball. In vain. Each ball
Is billeted by heav'n (G). Angelic wings
The sire o'ershadow, and angelic hands

The Father and Daughter reunited.

v. 167.

Conduct him, till, at length, ere yet the dawn
Had ting'd the eastern skies, his hastening steps
Approach the green haunts where his treasure lay.

Soon the glad father to his bosom clasps
The throbbing damsel, and his rapturous tear,
As, from some loftier plant, the precious balm
Drops on the rose beneath, bedews her cheek.
But, ah! where, now, the home? What pleasant cot
Now yields asylum? Or what rustic door,
O'erhung with woodbine, and commixing rose,
And jessamine blossoms sweet, poor sufferers, now,
Opens as ye approach? That smouldering hut
Contain'd your little all. But there, no more,
Beside the cheerful hearth, Simplicity
Shall spread your guiltless feast; nor more your voice,
With holy welcome, call the pilgrim in,
And bid his heart be glad. Yon spreading scene,
Erewhile, in gayest loveliness was drest,
And meek Content, and laughing Hope, and she,

v. 186.

Afflicted Virtue.

Queen of the ruddy cheek, blithe Comfort, oft
There led your step, what time, at early morn,
When heav'n and earth smil'd, beauteous, or when Eve,
Thron'd in her lucid star, on bud and bloom
Shed the cool blessings of pure dews, ye stray'd
By hill, or dale, or mazy wood obscure,
Or fairy-haunted stream, in converse sweet
Pouring the filial or paternal soul.
But, ah, not now, shall meek Content, or Hope,
Or Comfort, meet you there; for o'er each haunt,
So lov'd of late, hill, dale, and mazy wood,
Lo! Sadness spreads her glooms, and the dun glare
Flings horror, of the half-extinguish'd flames.
What, then, alas, remains? The sad regret;
The visible woe that on the eye-lid hangs;
The sigh that sorrows; and the secret thought
That, in afflictive silence, weeps within.
These are your blessings, now, unhappy Loyd;
These, Emma, all the dow'r the world hath left!

Yet, yet, despond not. 'Tis a wintry day,
And the fell tempest howls along the sky;
But spring-tide hours approach, and genial suns
Shall wake, perchance, again, each slumb'ring sweet,
And deck the heav'ns in beauty. Nor may he,
Who feels the throb of conscious innocence,
Mid his worst ills despair. For his, alone,
His, still, the fearless, and Herculean soul
That wins from trial glory; the pure hope
That opens in the heart an early heav'n;
The trust that heirs the future, and beholds
A sure and just protector in the skies—
His to exclaim and feel, whate'er his lot,
Whether in dungeon glooms to dwell, or feast
In roseate bowers with Joy,—“ Fair Virtue owns,
Beyond those clouds, exhaustless store of good;
And honest Poverty is more than rich,
When wealthy Villany is more than poor.”
The bounteous spirit is Heav'n's almoner.

Clare heard the tale of Loyd, nor, solely, paid
The willing tribute of a generous tear
To suffering gallantry. He felt, to act,
He acted, to redress the poor man's ills;
And, at his bidding, lo, that cot arose,
Neat as might suit a wood-nymph; that smooth lawn
Of verdurous velvet spread; those thriving shrubs
Began to bud and bloom; and grateful Loyd,
And Emma, blushing sweetest thankfulness,
Call'd all the little paradise their own.

O, pamper'd progeny of pride and power!
O, ye, so often, mid your glittering stores,
With Disappointment doom'd to weep and moan,
Here turn, and learn where true content is found.
Tread ye not, still, the round of gorgeous halls?
Explore ye not the incense-breathing bowers,
Where pomp and pleasure feast? Or hoard ye less
Than Mexic treasures, to procure the all
Ere found or sought by epicure Desire?—

The true sources of happiness.

v. 243.

Yet what your mighty gain? Ask the vain heart,
Is Peace its guest, or Hope its source of joy?
Enquire, within, what wealth and time, mispent,
And Passion, nurs'd to wantonness, supply,
If not the jaundice of the fading cheek?
If not the scalding tear, and bursting sigh?
Yes! not alone within your sparkling bowls
Play liquid raptures; nor do golden joys
Dwell solely in your coffers. There, besides,
Lurks, often, Guilt; and Guilt is sire to Woe.
Try, then, what virtue yields. Disperse abroad
The dews of mercy. Let the widow'd soul
Be sooth'd and cherish'd, and its crowding griefs
Hush'd, gently, into peace:—and then, O, then,—
While, at your bidding, o'er your procreant glebe,
The happy peasant, like the morning lark,
Sings the sweet song of joy; and, round your homes,
Ye mark the meads and vallies, gloom'd no more
By tyranny and want, but, rather, lent,

v. 262.Address to young students.

Beneath a grateful tenantry, to feed
The countless flock, or wheaten treasure yield;—
Then, from the scant circumference of self,
While, thus, in deeds that speak the generous soul,
Ye issue forth to bless, shall Hope, once more,
Beam cheerful on your mind; and every joy
Ye deal, like Clare, to Poverty, or Pain,
Shall have its righteous record in the skies,
And yield return in blessings, such as Time
Shall reverence, and the Powers of heav'n protect!

And you, ingenuous youths, for whom her halls,
Within yon ample dome (H), fair Learning opes,
Delighted, and with lavish hand outspreads
Stores, from full many an age, and realm, purloin'd,
O slight not his example (I). Did he reach,
By patient toil, the eminence, to which
A just ambition pointed? Did he woo
Meek Knowledge, in her dim and cloister'd seats,
And, wooing, win her? Did he,—at the hour

When Pleasure reigns too oft, and Prudence sleeps,
And Youth, by frail but potent passions lur'd,
Squanders, in Circe's hall, his precious dow'r
Of time and talent—did he, then, inspir'd
By all those hopes that wake new man in man,
Pursue the paths of Fame; and gain, at last,
Those Alpine heights, on which, mid cloudless skies,
Her mighty temple soars?—Be yours, like him,
To think, aspire, and labour; yours to seek
Whate'er hath Learning in her varied page
Treasur'd, of good and just; and scornful, still,
Of Syren-spells, conceal'd in dimpling smiles
Of Harlotry, or Riot's midnight bowls,
Be yours for future years to toil, and win,
By just and generous deeds, a fair renown.

To youth, 'tis true, is Pleasure's voice most sweet;
And charms within her mantling goblet work,
Of magic potency. Yet, ah, not long
Her voice is sweet, her goblet boasts its charms;

v. 300.Indolence.

For that which lures to sin, and deals disease,
Transforms, full soon, the poor, precarious joy,
To keen and lingering ill. Nor evil here
Solely is found. Dull Indolence, that dreams,
On beds of flowers, her useless years away,
Deeming that toil is woe, and effort pain,
Which Folly only braves, and Wisdom shuns,
Also can snare and ruin. Let her spells
Enwitch the youthful breast, her gentle song
The youthful ear enthral, and heav'n, in vain,
Shall lavish soul, and all that soul adorns
Of faculty and pow'r. The wizard wight
Benumbs each talent, opiates every sense,
Fetters with chains of lead each better thought,
Weds to procrastination, will, and sheds
Torpor on all the heart. At first her cheek
Wears smiles and blushes that discourse of heav'n;
But soon her beauties fade; and that which won
By opening loveliness, ere long becomes

One bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe,
Waking disgust and horror.—O beware,
Dear youths, of real foes, and seeming friends,
Like these. They softly whisper but of bliss;
They strew the early violet at your feet;
They tell of flowery vales, where, rapt in dreams
Of paradise, their happy votaries dwell.
But, know, that whisper is a summery breath
To end in wintry storms; those tales of joy
Are but of Fancy's framing, to delude
The frivolous and the frail; and better far
Had he, who yields him to such things as these,
Brav'd the dank cell where deadliest vapours flit,
The blue blasts of the unventilated mine,
Or the rude Deep, when, anger'd by the storm,
He rages, and, in every foaming wave,
Flings to the skies a frightful Appenine.

Yes, yes, believe Experience, and the Muse,
Ere yet too late, that he who lives estrang'd

v. 338.

The Balance.

From Worth and Wisdom, lives no longer man.
All else, what proves it, at the final hour,
But silence and the grave? Lo, heavenly forms,
Whose lips breathe violets, and whose dimpled cheeks
Blush living roses—Lo, gigantic Strength,
And Health, and Youth, and careless Jollity,
All haste, alike, with kindling speed, to strew
Their mortal glories at the foot of Death!—
Assume the balance, then, ye idiot souls,
Who, chasing earth-born Bliss, are chas'd by Woe;
Assume the balance; weigh the mighty all
Of mortal blessing, 'gainst one generous thought,
One little, stedfast virtue; and, behold!
You shall but weigh an atom 'gainst a world,
A frail, and fleeting, and fantastic phasm,
Against a priceless, and eternal good (κ)!

Go, now, unhappy; and, in Pleasure's vale
Delusive, fling your days and years away,
Lavish of more than kingdoms. Go!—misdeem

The gift of the world.

v. 357.

'The wide world and its vaunted joys your own,
Ev'n while ye lose yourselves; and idly boast,
Though all extinct in talent, and at heart,
Ye, only, live, living in Folly's arms,
Call'd Bliss by idiots, and renouncing all,
Lent by the prodigality of heav'n,
To dignify and bless, for the world's gift,
A moment's rapture, and an age of woe!
Go!—Feast your fill, though evil worse than death,
In reason's estimate, the viand taint;
And term alone that giddy Licence good,
Which, though she promise joy, is yet, at best,
A smiling Ill, with foul and fell disease
Pregnant, and keen remorse, “the thief of time,”
And pillager of soul—Ah, nae, not so!—
Not so in dust and ashes shall ye creep;
Nor so, methinks, with less than school-boy thought,
In chase of gaudy phantoms, till the grave
Arrest your footstep, shall ye run, and lose,

Meantime, the genuine blessing. Public Love
In you the pride of coming years beholds;
For you high-minded Honour weaves her wreath
And patriot Virtue, and unbending Truth,
Of blossoms richer than the choicest blooms
That deck th' immortal amaranth. They weave!
And Hope flits nigh, on pinions dipp'd in heav'n,
While, purest rapture beaming in her eyes,
Forth issue from her lips, cherubic lips,
Touch'd with celestial fire! predictive tones
Of more than mortal sound. Nor vainly glows
Th' extatic prophet; since, if present worth
Omen the future virtue, ye, by deeds
Of generous note, by learned labours wise,
Ere long that wreath of various bloom shall gain,
And, as it more than diadems your brow,
Evince, at once, the wisdom, and the meed,
Of youthful effort, and ingenuous toil.

Lo! with what ardent zeal the vain and proud

Aspire such recompence to win, by acts
Of daring frailty, and adventurous schemes
Of civil change, and innovations dire,
And conquest, gladden'd by the tears of worlds.
But, O, for those it blooms not, who, possess'd
But of a villain's will, and monster's heart,
Delight in deeds of blood, and mar the peace
Of toiling realms by statesman's tricks, or grasp
Ambition's snaky lash to scourge the globe.—
No! nor for those, the base and scowling tribe,
That talk of country much, yet are, within,
Slaves to the miscreant, Self; nor those, profane,
Vers'd in the scholarship of hell, who hope,
By impious wit, in sceptic war, to gain
Renown, which, gain'd, shall prove, at last, but shame,
Meet fruit of such desert; nor those, extoll'd
By fools, or parasites, as human Gods,
Whose swords gleam ruin, and who proudly build
Their throne of glory on an Alps of death,

Rear'd by their hideous triumphs, nor bethink,
While in their ears the lying plaudits sound,
Calling them kings and heroes, who, in heav'n,
Are ruffians term'd, and spoilers, and condemn'd,
O just decree! to final scorn, and woe.

Ye letter'd band, ye, in whose growing strength,
Your country, so she trusts, ere long, shall rise
A Hercules, to crush each monster-ill
Of blood-fed Treason born, not thus your hours
Shall waste; nor thus the hideous purpose form,
Preface to hideous deeds. But, rather, ye
Shall rule the giddy passions; and aspire
To win those realms of science which might well
Awake ambition in an angel's breast;
And yield, with Grecian pride, the glowing heart
To ardent virtue, and to public zeal;
And, issuing forth the patriots of the world,
And warm with Gospel charity for all,
Embrace whate'er is man. These, these your arts,

If ye not win the praise of parasites,
Nor swell your hord by pillage steep'd in tears,
Nations shall be your debtors. Public Love
Shall shed the sweetest incense on your name.
Oblivion's self, huge cormorant, that devours,
With ravenous hunger, oft, imperial thrones,
And states of mighty circuit, shall, in vain,
Hope on that name to feast. And Glory, glad
Once more to ope her temple, rarely op'd
In days like these, shall call you to her seats;
Deal to your lips immortalizing dew,
And, with a mother's fondness, place you high
Mid those her love has thron'd on adamant!

Hear yet the Muse. Does fav'ring Heav'n foredoom
The awful mitre for your brow mature?
O, wear it meekly. Cherish holy thoughts.
Be not the sycophant of courts. Disdain
To pamper palate at imperial boards.
Seek, with less toil, to treasure gems and gold,

Than the pure blessings won by bounteous deeds :
And, for no idols of a frivolous world,
Unhallow'd pageantries, and tainted joys,
God's holy altars shun. But, if thine heart
Throb with one Christian virtue, go ! and snatch
Poor, widow'd Sorrow from th' untimely grave,
And shelter orphan'd Woe. With Cranmer's zeal,
Fling erring frailty from thee (L). Pour abroad,
Like Porteus, the pure wisdom, from his lips
Recorded, who, for man, in sorrow liv'd,
In agony expir'd. Nor to the great
Preach only, anxious by the well-turn'd phrase
To catch the courtly ear. Ah ! better far
Shall ye approach where pale Contrition drops
The expiating tear ; far better haste
To scatter there the blessed beams of truth,
Or there the dole of charity dispense,
Where untaught Want abides. Nor deem, howe'er
Such labours may not find one golden meed,

Nor spread one smile on mortal Glory's cheek,
No recompence is theirs. Celestial praise
Is wak'd, full oft, by that the vain world scorns;
Celestial favour falls, where earthly hands
Not tender, oft, a mite; and he who lives,
As pastoral Alley once (M), the poor man's friend,
And cottage teacher, wins a nobler name
And prize, beyond compare, than e'er were won
By statesmen's cunning, or by conquerors' swords!
Or, is pure Justice o'er your form to fling
The snowy honours of her ermin'd robe?
Be staid, and vigilant, as if your lips
Were, in each word, to fix the doom of worlds.
Oppose to Mammon, should the tempter lure,
A heart of adamant. When your awful tongue
Expounds the law, bethink that, o'er your head,
Recording angels wave the viewless wing.
Fear but to err. Pronounce the just decree,
Though armed hosts may menace. The meek prayer

v. 490.

The extent of his obligations.

Of injur'd, friendless, solitary Want,
Hear, as 'twere that of potent Majesty.
Or should the giant, Power, surcharg'd with gold,
Or dark with frowns, the despot's eloquence,
Your sacred seats invade, O, but with scorn,
Keen flashing from the undissembling eye,
Repay the insult; and, in bolder tone,
Let your firm voice proclaim—"Here Law shall rule,
And mighty kings shall be but subjects here!"

Ah! what were holiest laws, if power, or wealth,
Might scare the Judge, or purchase? What the boast
Of Freedom, if her legal guardian sell
For sordid lucre, or to servile fear
Devote, the rights his wisdom should sustain?—
Then, then, the heart of Independence dies;
'The free-born worth no longer tempts to deeds
Of noble name; and man, that lately soar'd,
An eagle to the sun, and won renown
By many a toil of hardihood sublime,

Tomb'd in the soulless slave, is man no more !

O ! congregated guilt, which ne'er shall stain
Your tutor'd spirit ! O, diffusive ill,
Which ne'er shall issue from your lips of truth !
But, so I deem, fair Honour at your heart,
And Justice, ye the majesty of Law
Shall reverence and sustain : and, hasting forth,
Fearless, at your command, shall Freedom bear
To each, and all, her varied blessings sweet ;
And holy Property, the smile of peace
Playing upon her cheek, shall dwell, secure,
With simple swains, beside the cottage hearth,
As in the guarded halls of state, with kings.

Or should thy lot, where Senates think and toil
For public welfare, lead thee ; thither bring,
O, thither, sole, the patriot's tongue and heart.
And, though around thee pop'lar tribunes scheme
To rule the realm or ruin ; or to make
A market of the throne they dare revile (x) :—

Or though the lure of ministerial power
Attempt thy pride, and ministerial skill
Confer, in promise, Alps of fancy'd gold;—
Yet, yet, if Virtue aught may crave, or Heav'n,
Beware, alike, of factious leagues, impure,
And courtly glozes vile. The general weal,
The statesman's glory, and the patriot's God,
Here thy sole worship claims; and better thou,
Beyond all utterance better, for that weal
Contending, shalt one struggling peasant snatch
From fell Oppression's fangs, than buy the smile,
By low servility, of regal checks,
Or wake, by sweet but factious eloquence,
The plaudits of a world. Ah, not in thee,
The blustering talker, nor the purchas'd slave,
Thy fostering country seeks. Rather she looks
For him who best shall clothe her rocks with green;
Who rescue, from the wild and cheerless fiend,
The rushy marsh, to seat glad Plenty there;

His conduct.

v. 547.

Who wed the hind to hope, and o'er the glebe,
Else fruitless, give him, with a merry heart,
To guide his patient team. But, if be thine
The voice that, by celestial Freedom tun'd,
Best vindicates her rights, O! let that voice,
In all its magic potency, be heard,
Till Senates, by one patriot soul inspir'd,
Adore their country, as the saint his God!
Or should the inebriate insolence of Gaul,
Foaming for blood and pillage, madly breathe
One menace to the Echoes, be it heard
Then, also, and in tones more loud and dread,
That Britain, kindling at the sound, again
May grasp her angry thunders, and, as once,
When, writhing in the dust, sad Cressy bled,
Hurl rout and ruin on the foe, and lead
Her laurel'd bands to victory and to fame!

These be your future virtues. But, behold,
Claiming your spring-tide days, staid Wisdom woos

v. 566.

Wisdom soliciting Youth.

To yonder halls your youth, and opes the page
With many a philosophic truth enrich'd,
Or character'd, in hours of happiest mood,
By witching minstrelsy. Nor idly deem,
What Pleasure's harlot lips have often told,
That ceaseless glooms her studious cell invest,
And thorns, which none there treading may escape,
Her toilsome paths bestrew. Ah, no! Her guests
Are fairer than the Loves; her happy home
Is blissful as the cherub-haunted bowers
That bloom in heavenly regions. Round her seats
Were never the wild shouts of Discord heard,
Nor the deep groan of self-convicted Guilt,
Nor the sad tale which Disappointment pours,
Ceaseless, in Mammon's ear, till, all appall'd,
He curse his feeble Gods. But there each Grace
Of holier temper dwells, and chaster Muse.
For are not there Truth, Virtue, Glory, Joy,
And wisely-patient Labour? Are not there

All that may best assenting Youth instruct
So in his Spring to plant, that loveliest blooms
May deck his Summer, and his Autumn boast
A harvest worth the gathering of a God?

But, hark!—as erst, when he of Thebes the strings
Smote like a ruling Power, till mighty Greece
Glow'd with new fires, and bow'd before the bard;
Or, as when Epic thunders awful roll'd
At his command, the human Jove, whose lyre,
Instinct with heavenly soul, was fondly wreath'd
By all the Muses with Olympian flowers—
Hark! even now, celestial strains awake,
And, at her touch, the lyre obedient pours
Tones of most rapturous cadence. The sweet sounds
Enthral the listening skies, and song again
Mæonian spirit breathes, that Toil himself
Glow's into transport while he hears, and Pain,
Elija like (o), flings mortal cares aside,
And soars aloft to bliss! Nor Joy, alone,

Springs, at her will, to life. Her holy lip
Proclaims how man should live, aspire, and hope;
Her pure, immortalizing maxims form
The child of Earth for heav'n. Celestial Truth
Hears, and extols! Hell, horror at his heart,
And on his thousand tongues such curses dread
As wild fiends frame, averts him from the strain!

Nor thus alone, to moralize the heart,
The matron wakes symphonious music sweet (P).
She, also, in her graver mood, at times
Exhibits man to man; and, in such phraze
As charms, O tutor'd Taste, thy classic ear,
Of young desires, and opening faculties,
And soaring powers, the precious meed of heav'n,
Enrapt, and rapturing, tells. Yet what the source
She first explains whence bright idea springs,
And, in gradation sage, her pupil trains
To estimate, abstract, compare, combine (Q);
To mark the various qualities of things,

Or seeming, or essential (R); and to trace
Relation through the boundless realms of mind,
Connecting thought, howe'er remote, with thought,
To Science wedding Science, till the whole
Form but one family of kindred souls (s).
Nor here her labours close. The varied cause
She, next, unfolds, that o'er the world extends
The glooms of error (τ); or, with holy zeal,
Informs the reasoning Powers, and, what the paths,
Delighted, tells, that, not unflowery, lead
Where vestal Truth, a wreath of lambent light
Circling her brow, with Peace and Virtue dwells (v).
The student hears the while, and lives no more
An alien from himself. The clouds that hung,
Darkling, o'er all his mind, break and disperse:
A new found world, before his eager eye,
Expands; and where, of late, but gathering glooms
He saw, and shadowy forms, at length he views,
Not without joy, the prodigies of thought,

v. 642.Physics.

Unfolded soul, and miracles of heaven !

Yet, not her step the regions of the mind
Always delights to tread (w). Thence, oft, the scenes
Where Grandeur builds, on rocky heights sublime,
His temple, fearless of the shrieking storm ;
Or where celestial Beauty, loitering, plays
In sunny meads, or decks the twilight dell
In blooms and blossoms sweet, or leads the stream,
Gay warbler, in a fairy labyrinth,
The sober dame attract. And, now, low plung'd
Beneath the world of waters, she enquires
What yields the coral bower, or dripping cave,
In which, at times, the sea-nymph's song is heard,
Wooing descending Phœbus ; or she marks
Th' innumerable tribes, peopling the ocean-realms,
That, on the swelling surface, sportive, dance,
Coated in gold, or, through the troublous wave,
Huge floundering, rush, insatiate, and obscene,
Dread tyrants of the deep—The blue damps, now,

She braves, of cavern'd mines, whose vaults among,
Nature, with subtlest alchymy, transmutes
The coarse clod into gold; and many a spar,
Like jewels beaming on the Æthiop's arm,
Gilds with soft radiance the surrounding gloom—
Now, of the plain, or hill, or winding vale,
Through which the pure breeze, from his skiey wings,
Distils Arabia, she, each bud and bloom,
Questions, and ripening fruit, and flavourous herb,
Till all reveal their virtues; and, from some,
She force the styptic for the bleeding wound;
From some, the blessed balm that lulls to rest
The woe-worn soul of Sorrow; and, from some,
The precious drops that calm the restless pulse,
And cool the flames that blaze around the couch
Where maniac Fever raves—Or, is she fir'd
By higher fancies, lo! she, also, climbs,
Fearless, the steeps of heav'n; conducts her sons
Amid the starry miracles that blaze

v. 68o.The Heavens.

Around the glowing pole; each burning path
Explores, the fierce and angry comet treads;
And what th' unfailing laws enquires, that guide
The planetary pilgrim round the sun,
And on his gorgeous throne the sun himself
In kingly splendor seats. Then, far beyond
Each nether orb, her active vision shoots,
And scans, in bright procession as they pass,
Unnumber'd systems, each of various worlds
Immense, and by its central glory each
Cheer'd and illumin'd. Yet the realms of space
Still spread before her, coloniz'd alike,
Amazing pomp, with suns, and satellites,
And peopled earths untold! Still her bold thought,
Aspiring to embrace infinitude,
Onward proceeds, with more than lightning speed,
Where scarce the lustres of the milky way
Diffuse a beam; and heav'n's eternal power
And goodness are, with holy awe, beheld,

Concluding admonitions.

v. 699.

In prodigies, succeeding still, that blaze,
Ev'n to the flaming boundary of things,
In everlasting radiance!

Thus her sons

Wisdom amid the works of God conducts,
And by pure comments sage, meantime, illumes
The seeming dark, and, chief, that law unfolds,
Which guides, alike, the dew-drop, in its fall,
And, in its orb, the world. Nor ye shall scorn,
Dear sons of Alma, ye for whom the Muse
Still sings, with Wisdom thus to toil and soar,
And from her lips catch precepts, such as raise
The human to angelic, and confer,
On poor and mortal man, immortal wealth.
No! for, behold, ev'n now, her dome ye seek,
Her hallow'd dome, with eager step, and crave,
Celestial avarice! the unfailing stores
Her matron fondness offers. Yet, beware,
Ah, yet, in this your fit and fair pursuit,

v. 718.False learning.

What paths ye tread. The realms of Learning, oft,
Are procreant but of mischief (x). Where should spring,
Solely, the rose and olive, springs and spreads,
At times, the plant of poison: where the gem,
Alone, is said to beam, the cares of Toil
Collect, not rarely, but adulterate ore.
Yes, yes, beware! But little boots, at best,
The scholar's treasure, if his heart be poor.
Genius, undower'd by worth, is yet, compar'd
With honest Ignorance, a miteless wretch,
And she the queen of realms. Knowledge there is,
For so, alas! by mortal lips profane,
Is he miscall'd, who, while he would be thought
To scatter round him everlasting truths,
Enwraps himself in clouds of gloom, from whence
But lightnings flash to kill!—Knowledge there is,
Of metaphysic note, that seeks a name,
As Satan sought one, by such impious war
With every nobler hope, as, spite, of pain,

Perverted knowledge.

v. 737.

Persuades all Hell to smile!—Knowledge there is,
That, light, and libertine, and bold, and vain,
Toils ceaselessly, as if his bliss were found
In works of woe, each weaker mind infirm
To win from God, and stigmatize the page,
By fiends themselves with trembling awe beheld,
Where Grace, and Mercy, and Redemption breathe,
And Inspiration, with unerring tongue,
Speaks to a sinful world!—O! therefore, hear
The friendly voice that bids you mark the pest,
And calls from labours which but plough the sand,
To such as, sanction'd by approving heav'n,
Found hope on truth, and cull each brighter bloom
That Wisdom nurtures in her fair domain,
To deck the brow of Virtue. So, escap'd
From the dire snares in Stygian looms prepar'd,
By sceptic fraud impure, shall ye attain
Th' immortal meed by genuine Knowledge dealt
To those that truly seek it. So,—enrich'd,

v. 756.

Poem closed.

Made strong, adorn'd, ennobled, blessing, blest,
The friends of man and virtue, taught to find
In man and virtue friends, and, more, in God—
So shall your worth accomplish public hope,
And public weal confirm : or if, again,
Plebeian Faction shall arise, and wave
Her flag, hell-character'd, and moist with gore,
So shall your country, in your wisdom wise,
And mighty in your strength, o'erwhelm the foe,
And proudly bless you, as she bless'd a CLARE!

NOTES

TO

CANTO III.



(A) At the period to which I here allude, there was scarcely an act of Government, however necessary, or a determination of the legislature, however wise, but experienced opposition from some eloquent partizan and factious leader. They especially, whose lust of place had been disappointed by the contempt or neglect of administration, declaimed, not merely to palliate the enormities, and, it would be thought, to irritate the passions of the insurgent, but to defame the conduct and principles of the loyalist. Happily, however, the frauds of faction were detected, and punished. Defying, or despising, the vociferations of party, Lord Camden proceeded in his government, with a firmness and vigour not easily to be surpassed; and by the happy vigilance of that nobleman, associated with the wisdom and activity of such men as Lord Clare, Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Foster, the rebellion may be said, not only to have been discovered in its rudiments, and curtailed in its means, but, in fact, to have been disarmed, and subdued, even before it appeared in the field.

(B) "And Aaron put on incense, and made an atonement for the people. And he stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed." NUMBERS, ch. 16.

(c) A very judicious and manly writer, whose sermon, occasioned by the death of Lord Clare, merits the acknowledgments of every friend of that nobleman, has described so well the vigour and intrepidity to which I here advert, that I shall have no occasion to apologize for transferring the passage to this page.

"On the other occasion to which I allude, we behold him exposing himself to more serious hazard, in the joint defence of the king and the constitution, against the furious onset of rebellion. We all may remember, that, when treason wore the air of triumph, and the friends of loyalty and order hung their heads, he stood prominent and erect: when many, even of those, whose fidelity was unimpeached, seemed to feel, that prudence required of them a more softened accent of reprobation, and, reserving their tones of boldness until the danger had passed by, did not scruple to shrink from an open avowal of their sentiments: when many, even of unquestionable fortitude, deemed it not inconsistent with that fortitude, to seek a momentary shelter from the storm: when treason and loyalty hung trembling in doubtful scales, and not a few paused to see which would preponderate;—in times, and under circumstances such as these, whilst he was known to be the object eminently selected for vengeance, by the ferocity of an ensanguined rabble, he remained firm and unmoved: he stepped not, for a moment, from the post of duty and danger, and sought no safety from the perils which assailed him, save what might arise from pre-

senting to them a bold and manly front." *Sermon occasioned by the death of Lord Clare.* By the REV. WILLIAM MAGEE, D. D. S. F. T. C. D.

(D) The character of the Patriot appears to be, of all others, most rarely understood; and, if we were to form our estimate by that hasty applause which is so often lavished by the crowd, we should confer the honours due only to that character, not so much on the man who is unostentatiously solicitous to promote the general welfare, as on him whose virtue is ambition, whose public spirit is hypocrisy, and whose world is himself. But the patriot is no more to be found in Marius flattering the mob, than in Marius subjugating the people; in Cæsar declaiming against the tyranny of the Senate, than in Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue; in Brutus sharpening his dagger for the bosom of his friend, than in Brutus uniting with the ambitious murderer of his father. No! I recognize the patriot but in the man, whether of public or private life, who, issuing from himself, embraces a country; and whose plans, less splendid than useful, and less intended to astonish by their magnificence or to captivate by their plausibility, than calmly, and patiently, and gradually, to advance the genuine welfare of mankind, are dictated alone by that generous spirit, whose ardour and motive are those of wisdom and of benevolence, and whose best recompence is sought and obtained within. If, therefore, I meet a man who, like a Sheffield, however attached to a party, disdains to become a partizan; who, instead of vapouring away his hours in lordly dissipation, watches, with a zeal tempered by knowledge, over the trade and sustenance of nations; and who toils, generously and

happily, to defend and diffuse the grand principles on which are to be maintained the commerce, the independence, and the glory of the state*;—I call him a Patriot!—If I meet a man who, like a Clare, sustains what is right in loyalty to an afflicted sovereign, against the selfishness of the great, and the clamours of the vulgar; and who, in times of alarm and blood, stands firm to his own convictions, with a vigour and virtue that go to the salvation of the state;—him also I denominate a Patriot!—But, for the rest, let others state their demands and merits. I have no praise for the Colossus whose virtues evaporate in declamation; for those who, boldly pretending to the honours of national respect, are entitled only to national odium and disgrace.

(E) The country residence of Lord Clare.

(F) “Of the various calumnies which have aspersed the character of Lord Clare, not one has accused him of pecuniary meanness. He seemed, indeed, to have regarded wealth but as the instrument of liberality; and exhibited, through his whole life, a temper equally beneficent and just. As a Landlord, especially, his conduct was peculiarly worthy of praise. The industrious tenant, the ancient occupier of the soil, were viewed as friends, not oppressed as slaves; and he beheld with abhorrence that avarice, at once so infamous and common, which, regarding the peasant solely as an ob-

* See the various tracts published by Lord Sheffield. Of those tracts the excellence and the utility are not, now, to be asserted. A style equally manly and clear; and a display of commercial and political information, such as is rarely to be found but in the pages of a Smith, have affixed to them the estimation they so abundantly merit.

ject of gain, surrenders him to the rapacity of an unfeeling steward, or exposes him, helpless and bound, to the extortions of those "middle-men," as they are termed in Ireland, "who have, by their oppressions, constituted one of the most perniciously-operating causes of the ignorance and wretchedness of the lower order of the people." See *Sermon already quoted*.

(G) "Every bullet has its billet." Such was the heroic and pious exclamation of the illustrious monarch, who called into action that British energy which, dissipating the ambitious dreams of Lewis the 14th, preserved, from the rapacity of French pride, the honour and happiness of Europe; and which is now hastening, under the guidance of a sovereign not less worthy of the veneration of a great people, to humble the insolence and audacity of France, and wrest from the grasp of the haughty and menacing Consul, those thunders with which he has already smitten the shrinking Genius of Germany, and with which he also aspires to prostrate the glory and liberty of Britain, and of the world.

(H) Trinity College, Dublin.

(I) I again refer to the sermon by Dr. Magee. "Lord Clare," says that writer, "entered the College in the year 1763; and he appears to have prosecuted his studies with unusual diligence and success. The competition between him and the celebrated Mr. Grattan was unremitting through the entire of their course. Being always of the same division, they were necessarily engaged in immediate contest

for those academic rewards, that are bestowed on superiority of answering, at the stated quarterly examinations. It is interesting to trace, through the judgments and the prizes allotted at these several examinations, the eagerness of the struggle for pre-eminence, which, at this early day, commenced between two men so conspicuous, and who have since carried that struggle into the highest concerns of life." *Sermon*, p. 40.

The Earl of Clare was appointed to the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, upon the resignation of Primate Robinson, whose name I cannot mention without recollecting the virtues by which he was distinguished and adorned. As a man, as the head of the Irish Church, as the benevolent and princely character, whose life was to evince but one splendid series of salutary munificence, he has been long revered by the nation, and his memory shall long continue to be cherished by public gratitude and respect. To none of those, whose names principally illuminate and dignify the British annals, was he inferior, in firmness of mind, in elevation of principle, in generosity of conduct. By slow but regular progression, he advanced from the humbler stations of the Church to its highest dignities; but, whatever were the duties which he was called to fulfil, whether those that conduct the pastor to the hovel of affliction, or the bed of disease; or those which more especially accompany the responsibility of the mitre, he embraced them with a zeal, and he accomplished them with an integrity, beyond praise. The monuments of his goodness are every where to be found; for the wealth, which others would have hoarded or dissipated with equal guilt, was regarded by him

but as the instrument of private and public welfare; and converted, it might be said, into structures, villages, and towns, which arose at his command, and remain the memorials of his worth and wisdom. Over a diocese of great population and extent he exercised authority, not merely with a steadiness which will not be impeded by opposition, but with a benevolence and consideration which induced and conciliated obedience. Did he confer promotion? Did he enforce ecclesiastical order and residence? Did he labour to promote the holy influence of religion? He displayed, in the accomplishment of his purpose, a judgment that regulated the views of piety, and a piety that ennobled the views of judgment.—“Behold a regular, conscientious, and respectable clergy, scattered over an extensive district—Behold a village spreading into a city, and increasing rapidly in population and trade*—Behold palaces, libraries, observatories, and colleges, constructed or enlarged, with a spirit which perpetually looked to public good—Behold new temples dedicated to the Almighty, the steeple rise, the spire ascend, the congregation assembled, the Gospel honoured, the Eternal adored, where, before, the unhappy flock was left too often to ramble without a shepherd, and the voice of genuine religion was rarely heard, or heard but to be despised.—Behold all this, and you will recognize but the works of his hands, but the marks of his magnificence, but the evidences of his philanthropy, but the demonstrations of his pastoral diligence and zeal! In a word, he was praised even by enemies; he was venerated by friends; he was respected by the world. He has shown that station may be enjoyed.

* Armagh.

without kindling envy, and excellence displayed without provoking malevolence." He added to eminence of rank pre-eminence of virtue; and lived and died an ornament, not merely to the mitre, but to humanity.

(κ) I advert to the balance of the moral Critolaus. "Quo loco quæro, quam vim habeat libra illa Critolai: qui cum in alteram lancem animi bona imponat, in alteram corporis et externa, tantum propondere illam boni lancem putet, ut terram et maria deprimat." *Tuscul. Disput.* lib. 5, sec. 17, ad finem.—How different is this balance of the good Critolaus from that in which the proud philosophy of Mr. Hume presumes to weigh the Omnipotence of God, and the wonders of his Providence! I quote not the passage because I would not pollute my page with impiety, nor contribute to the diffusion of scepticism by the exhibition of its tenets. The whole argument, indeed, to which I allude, is calculated but to shake our belief in a divine existence and government, and, consequently, to degrade the nature, and impair the happiness of man. Fortunately, it is yet more futile than audacious, and does as little honour to the understanding as to the heart of the philosopher.

The ideas of Mr. Hume, on this subject, have, nevertheless, been admitted and adopted, by some writers of a very different temper. An Italian geometrician, with a rage for theory and abstraction that scorns the common sense of mankind, though not with the irreligion that has distinguished his predecessor in the assertion, has also maintained, that the proofs to be deduced of a divine existence from the works of creation, and of a divine government from the occurrences of life, are inadequate and weak. But, for the

argument which he renounces, he substitutes another, less liable, as he supposes, to refutation, and which he terms—“A Demonstration of the Existence of God from geometrical Theorems.”—The sublime and penetrating evidences of the heavens and the earth, which have been felt and revered by all times and by all nations, and which may be said to exhibit almost a visible display of the divinity, whose hand has scattered them abroad; are, now, it seems, to be cast aside as impotent or frail; and not only is the being of the Almighty to rest upon the testimony of lines and figures; but his attributes are to be maintained by the powers and results of mathematical proportions! In this manner does mistaken piety sometimes co-operate with avowed profaneness; and the man of religion, rejecting, for abstracted novelties which almost provoke a smile, that simple and established evidence which has its weight with every candid and thinking mind, does scarcely less mischief to the cause of religious truth than he who is its declared and decided foe.—

See—*Del l'Esistenza di Dio da Teoremi Geometrici dimostrata, &c. Adino, 1777.*

(1.) Crammer was man, and he fell! But the Christian hero, rising from his abasement; bursting the shackles with which fear and frailty had bound his spirit to the earth; plunging into the flames the guilty hand, till it was no more; and diffusing from the stake, the detestation of tyrants, and the doctrines of righteousness and salvation, abundantly atoned, we may humbly trust, for the crime of an unhappy and unguarded moment; and exhibited to the world the glorious and instructive example of the man exalted into

the martyr, and the martyr triumphing over the Powers of Persecution.

(M) George Alley, Bishop of Exeter, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Of this venerable character the talents and virtues acquired him, towards the close of the preceding reign, an honorable but perilous distinction; and while, with protestant energy, he maintained the doctrines of gospel truth, the hand of the sanguinary Mary held the crown of martyrdom over his head. He was eminently learned, but without being tainted by the polemic pedantry of the age in which he lived; and without substituting, in any degree, the fastidious and intemperate pride of the schools, for the calm and dignified humility of the Christian. His life might be considered as one continued oblation offered to the Almighty by evangelical benevolence; and Superstition and Error, though sheltered within the walls of the Vatican, heard and trembled at his voice. If the hostility and virulence of sectaries surrounded and opposed him, as a common foe; he yet went forth to the battle, strong in firmness and truth, "and the Philistines fled from before him." Among those, especially, who toiled to accelerate the progress of the Reformation in England, he acquired respect and veneration by the piety and utility of his pastoral labours, by the moral excellence of his life, and by the manly zeal which he displayed for the real interests of his country. Nor from the pulpit only did his eloquence sustain the noble cause of religion. He was diligent, also, to associate the Press in the same service; and his excellent Praelections are existing monuments of the ability and perseverance with which he

promoted the advancement of Christian truth*. To the malignant misrepresentations of his enemies, what was his reply?—"Detrahebant mihi, sed ego orabam"—To the world what was his uniform and resolute declaration?—"Qui veritatem occultat, et qui mendacium dicit, uterque reus est: ille, quia prodesse non vult; iste, quia nocere desiderat†"—With this temper, and these sentiments, he braved the menaces and fires of persecution‡; and the enmity of suspicion, the hatred of detected falsehood, the enthusiasm of a struggling and falling church, and the indefatigable bigotry which, still faithful to the Popish cause, was still ardent to defend it, were baffled and subdued by the energy and talents of the Christian Bishop. He, indeed, who had fearlessly devoted his life to truth and virtue, was little likely to be defeated by the opposition of fallacy and fraud. "Arise, for it is day§!"—was the warning voice which, bursting from

* He published some volumes; but his principal works were a grammatical treatise on the Greek tongue, and the Prælections to which I have alluded. These last were published in two massy folios, under the title of—Πτωχολιβραριον—The poor Man's Librarie. Rhapsodiæ upon the first Epistle of Saint Peter, read publicly in the Cathedrall Church of St. Paul, within the city of London, 1560—The doctrine of indulgences, confession, tradition, ecclesiastical authority, the sacraments, and alms, have especially engaged his attention in this work; and he discusses them with an ability and freedom which, perhaps, would not lose by a comparison even with the talents and zeal of a Tillotson or a Hurd.

† This passage, and the Latin sentence already quoted, are to be found in the title page of his Prælections; and there is reason to conclude from the whole tenor of his life and writings, that they were ceaselessly in his recollection.

‡ During the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary.

§ See Title Page of Prælections.

the lips of the preacher, or enforced by the reasoning eloquence of his writings, contributed to awaken the nation from the slumber of centuries, and to hasten the downfall of the Conclave, and of Rome.—Of such a man the conduct and character, which did honour to his country, would not have been unworthy of the notice of the moral and philosophical historian. The conqueror may afford, in his inhuman triumphs, topics, perhaps, more splendid and more diversified; but the Apostolical instructor would have supplied, in his virtues and his toils, subjects more useful, because better calculated to rectify the persuasions of the heart, and the principles of the understanding.

From some manuscripts in my possession, I might easily add to these observations, a long, and, possibly, an interesting detail of manly efforts and benevolent actions; and be enabled to exhibit such a portrait of the Christian Bishop, as might warrant the conclusion that the days of Elizabeth enjoyed also their Porteus or their Newcome; and that the reformation was early advanced by virtues not inferior to those which continue to support and extend it.

But, recollecting that I am restricted within the boundary of a note, I shall only add that this good Prelate, as I have already intimated, was peculiarly distinguished by that charity which is most ardent to instruct and relieve the ignorant and distressed. He was, in truth, what I have termed him, the poor man's friend. The language of his Prælections every where testifies, by its sober and perspicuous simplicity, with what zeal he laboured to diffuse religious truth among the lower orders of mankind; and the unintermitting benevolence of his life, of which, were

I here permitted to do so, I could produce many beautiful and interesting examples, not less forcibly demonstrates that the Bishop was, in the true sense of language, the pastor; and that the means afforded by the mitre were nobly and happily employed by the man.

On the publication of his Prælections, he was addressed by many celebrated characters, in the language both of poetry and prose; and I venture to subjoin the following lines, because some of them are elegant, and most forcible, and because they may serve, in some degree, to authenticate what I have advanced in the preceding part of this note.

AD ALLEUM,

*Nunc Antistitem, dum beati Petri epistolam priorem
explanaret.*

Alle! quatis triplex latii diadema tyranni,
Ardua fulminææ deturbas cornua mitræ,
Detegis agnina tectum lanugine monstrum,
Detegis immani fædatum sorde lupanar,
Impia demonstras puri ludibria cultus,
Debellas sævis pulsantem cornibus hydrum.

Veiovis ingenti confectus vulnere sævit,
Mundum crudeli perstratum cæde cruentat,
Corpora consumit diris torrentia flammis,
Oppida sanguineo funestat crædula fumo,
Excitat immites furiali a sede sorores,
Horrida terribilis quæ spargant semina belli.

 AD EUNDEM.

Obscuros superas sensus, et lumine Petrum
 Verborum illustras, difficelesque locos.
 Exponis magica suffultos fraude susurros,
 Panisci, inclusi pixide sacra, dei.
 Pontificem summum, qui plumbea fulmina mittit,
 Tu percussisti fulmine lætifero.
 Qui se posse putat divos detrudere cœlo,
 Tu detuebas ad Stygis antra nigræ.
 Nunc ubi conducit gliscenti milite turbas
 Exit turba minax, et scelerata phalanx.
 Emergit pluto toto comitatus Averno
 Alecto assurgit, Tisiphonéque furens.
 Cerberus ille triceps, grassans Bellona flagello
 Strympthalides diræ, pontificumque cohors.

CHRISTOPHERUS CARLEY.

 CHRISTOPHERUS BODLEI

in hoc opusculum επιστροφ.

Laudibus hunc ullis tibi commendare libellum
 Non opus est, laudes prædicat iste suas.
 Quæ bona sunt hederam non poscunt vina Venusta
 Pingitur facies! Non eget ulla phyco.
 Promittunt alii forsan majora libelli,
 Hoc qui plus præster, vix tamen ullus erit.
 Quod latet hic intus rutilo præstantius auro est,
 Quod latet hic gemmis splendidius niveis.
 Ergo age, regalem thesaurum amplectere lector,
 Sedulus assidua, volve, revolve manu.
 Doctrina quam multiplici est liber iste refertus?

Quam docte et scitu, plurima digna docet ?
 Omne tulit punctum. Sacra hic docet atque prophana,
 Insuper utilibus, dulcia mixta tenet.
 Indoctus libro doctus reddetur ab isto,
 Doctus ab hoc etiam, doctior esse queat.
 Multorum vice sit tibi librorum iste libellus
 Pauperis hic liber est, bibliotheca *καρφη*.

 JOANNES BULSINGHAMUS MAGDALENENSIS

in præclaras G. Allæi lucubrationes.

Evigiletis apes ; melior vigilantia somno :
 Vernum tempus adest : evigiletis apes.
 Undique nunc rident redimiti floribus agri,
 Tempora labuntur, surgite mellifices.
 Allæi rectâ celeres volitetis in hortum,
 Consitus est etenim floribus omne genus,
 Jam superest operi pro viribus invigiletis,
 Atque operæ pretio copia mellis erit.

(v) And make a Jewish market of the throne,
 Pretending public good, to serve their own.

Absalom and Achitophel.

(o) " And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elija went up by a whirlwind into heaven." *Kings. c. ii. v. 11.*—

(p) Wisdom, having, as described in the preceding paragraph, attached her pupil to polite learning, and to me-

rals, here proceeds to instruct him in the doctrines of metaphysics. With that aim, she enters into the history of his ideas, in their origin, and progress; informs him of the nature and extent of his mental powers; points out the numerous sources of human error; and, finally, instructs him in what manner he must proceed in his pursuit of truth.

(q) Ideas are simple in their origin, and derived solely from Sensation and Reflection; but they are gradually rendered more and more complex, according as the impressions from external objects become diversified, and as the reflecting Powers learn to compare, abstract, and combine.

(r) Primary and secondary qualities. The primary (as bulk, figure, motion, rest, &c.) are those which exist indestructively and essentially in things; the secondary (as light, heat, cold, sweet, bitter, &c.) have no being but as effects, and result wholly from the operations of the primary.

(s) The most dissociated ideas, it has been maintained, are connected by certain, though distant, relationship; and it would be easy, indeed, in countless instances, to prove that notions, however apparently in utter discordance with each other, are yet united by a strict and permanent concatenation.

“ It would make a volume to go over all sorts of relation. It suffices to our present purpose to shew that relation is so various, and the causes of it so many, (as many as there can be of comparing things with each other)

that it is not easy to reduce it to rules, or under any just heads." *Essay on Human Understanding*, c. 28. §. 17.

Cause and Effect, Time and Place, Identity and Diversity, Proportion, Kindred, Good, Evil, constitute some of the foundations of the relationship of ideas; but who shall attempt to say how far even these principles of connection extend? *Essay*—Chap. 25, 26, 27 28. Book ii.

I observe not alone the association of ideas. Science is no less intimately related to Science. By how many bonds of affinity are Music, Painting, and Poetry bound together! How closely is the knowledge of visible connected with that of invisible nature! Are not Ethics and Religion frequently to derive strength and demonstration from considerations drawn from the material world? Must we not ascend to God himself by inferences deduced from the wonders of his works? And is not the single relationship of the Creation to man, and of both to the Creator, the source of infinite and eternal affinities?

“Omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quodam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.” *Cic. Oratio pro Arch. Poet.* The eloquent Pleader might have extended his view much further.

(1) The progress is here obvious. “An account having been given of the original, sorts, and extent, of our ideas, with several other considerations about these materials of our knowledge, the enquiry naturally leads to the use the understanding makes of them, and the knowledge it acquires by them.” *Locke*, chap. 33. b. ii. Of this discussion the great object is to discover the means of acquiring truth; and those means, also, are unfolded by

the British Aristotle with admirable clearness and precision. It would lead me, however, too far from my purpose to enumerate them in this place. See *Essay*. Books. 3 & 4, passim.

In the preceding notes I have closely followed the doctrines of Locke. I recollect, nevertheless, that many late metaphysicians, and especially the acute and patient Reed, and the ingenious author of the "Diversions of Purley," have ventured to controvert several of the opinions of that distinguished man. But the system of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* still exists in all its original grandeur; and, though a pillar or two may have, possibly, given way, enough yet remains to sustain the pile, and to sustain it for ever.

(v) To classical and moral learning, and to the knowledge of the human faculties and powers, the rational student will proceed to add the Science of Physics. Hence, Wisdom is here described as extending her views to the earth and heavens, and investigating the wonders and laws of material nature.

(w) Of the monuments of ancient learning, especially, many testify at once the sublimity and perversion of the the human powers; and the scholar, while he admires, becomes, frequently, depraved. I allude not, merely, to that grossness and ribaldry which have descended to us, recommended by the energy of a Juvenal or the vivacity of a Martial. But how shall we estimate the acquirements of Petronius, or the purposes to which they were applied?—I know that, when a more perfect copy of the writings of

that author was discovered, a French scholar was found to indulge in all the luxury of exclamation, and to congratulate the world on the treasure which had been found.—“ Si je n’appréhendois point de trop dire, je croirois que quand notre campagne sur le Rhin, de l’année 1690, n’auroit point produit d’autre bonheur, il y auroit lieu d’en être content.”—Reponse de Mons. Charpentier à M. Nodot, au sujet des Fragmens de Petrone retrouvez à la prize de Bellgrade en 1688.—For my own part, I think that one sentiment of genuine humanity would have infinitely outweighed all this affectation of classical delight; and I regard the writings of Petronius as calculated only for the library of the libertine, and as scarcely less infamous, than the shameless and abandoned licentiousness which they describe.

THE END.



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